

NORMANDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

3 0205 00289 4318

# The Bellman Book of Verse





FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
**JACK F. BROWN**

*Minneapolis 8-16-65*



THE BELLMAN  
BOOK OF VERSE

1906—1919



1826186\6487007

PS

614

845

1919

# The Bellman Book of Verse

1906—1919

**MN**

Chosen and Edited by  
**WILLIAM C. EDGAR**  
late Editor of The Bellman

**DISCARDED**

NORMANDELL COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

OV 0 6 2007

9700 FRANCE AVENUE SOUTH  
BLOOMINGTON, MN 55431-4390

Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.  
The Bellman Company  
1919

Copyright 1919  
by  
The Bellman Company



TO  
A. R. E.

THE BELLMAN'S BEST FRIEND  
AND A  
DISCRIMINATING READER  
OF GOOD VERSE,  
WHO SUGGESTED THE  
PUBLICATION OF  
THIS BOOK.



## PREFACE

THE first manuscript submitted to and the first bought by *The Bellman* was verse. Several short poems by Arthur Upson, purchased through a mutual friend, the late Mr. Edmund D. Brooks, were acquired and put aside for subsequent use almost a year before the first number of *The Bellman* was printed.

It was a part of his original plan to give room to poetry, on the theory that there was an ample supply of good material being produced in America which, at that time, did not find much opportunity of acceptance, the periodicals publishing verse being limited and apparently disposed to use it chiefly as a sort of stop-gap, to fill in otherwise vacant spaces at the bottom of the pages.

This plan was discouraged by the earlier sub-editors of *The Bellman*, who contended that he could not afford to pay sufficient to secure really high-class poetry and certainly did not desire to print any other. For this reason, except for occasional contributions by Arthur Upson and Richard Burton, few verses appeared in his pages during the first years of *The Bellman's* existence.

Later, it was found possible to secure poetic contributions of the right quality at the modest price *The Bellman* was able to pay; and it was also found that the poets, God bless them, were not mercenary and liked the way in which their productions were presented in *The Bellman*, appreciating the deference shown them in the position and typographical setting given their verses.

In time *The Bellman* grew famous for his poetry and the good poets became increasingly kind to him, so that, toward the end, there was never a lack of this material with which to embellish his pages and seldom a number that did not contain some notable verse.

The *Bellman* counted himself most fortunate in the friendship and good will of the poets, and while, being

## PREFACE

human, he had his favorites among them, yet never was a poem accepted or rejected because of its writer's name. For this reason, perhaps, *The Bellman* had the very great satisfaction of printing the contributions of comparatively unknown poets who subsequently became celebrated and now find their offerings eagerly accepted by periodicals that once knew them not. Possibly on this account, as well as because, by honouring verse with a position of distinction in his columns, he taught many to read and love contemporary poetry who hitherto had ignored it, *The Bellman* may justly claim to have been of some small service to American poetry during his thirteen years of life.

Had it been possible within the limits of this small volume to have printed all the poems which appeared in *The Bellman*, it would gladly have been done, for none of them was unworthy of republication, but only a selection was permissible and, while many are omitted with regret, those here printed have been carefully chosen as the favorites of *The Bellman*.

These are here presented, as nearly as possible, in the order of their original appearance with the belief that their chronological sequence will be interesting to the reader as, in some degree, indicating the development of the authors in their art as well as that of *The Bellman* in respect of his appreciation thereof.

—W. C. E.



## RICHARD BURTON

1.

### *Christmas Tide*

CHRISTMAS tide is a time of cold,  
Of weathers bleak and of winds ablow;  
Never a flower—fold on fold  
Of grace and beauty—tops the snow  
Or breaks the black and bitter mold.

And yet 'tis warm—for the chill and gloom  
Glow with love and with childhood's glee;  
And yet 'tis sweet—with the rich perfume  
Of sacrifice and of charity.  
Where are flowers more fair to see?

Christmas tide, it is warm and sweet:  
A whole world's heart at a Baby's feet!

## EDITH IVES WOODWORTH

2.

### *An Italian Garden*

BELOW a little shadowed hill  
My garden-ways wind cool;  
A hundred pale-lipped lilies lie  
Above a purple pool.

Gray dusk upon the olive trees  
And oh—the heart o' me!  
For all the winds of Italy  
Are blowing in from sea!

## EDITH THOMPSON

### 3. *Sky Shadows*

O UR most high moods are like swift shadowings  
of clouds

Crossing the hill, midafternoon, and gone;  
Never to come again to this high ridge  
To loiter where spring violets come, and come anon;  
Leaving no track across the sunswept grass  
That we may trace the going of their way.

O eyes, that linger where the grass was dark,  
With gaze that holds the golden afternoon,  
Image immortally the shadowy mood  
Crossing your inner sight to vanish soon  
Leaving no trail whereby the soul may pass  
Into this yearning, where it turns to pray.

## ARTHUR UPSON

### 4. *"Up the Minnesota"*

UP the Minnesota through the mellow June,  
Sky beneath our paddles tessellated blue;  
Cottonwoods were moulting, meadow-larks in tune—  
Up the green-roofed river shot our shell canoe.

I was stroking forward, you were stroking stern,  
Under oaks and maples like a bird we flew;  
Kingfishers, canaries, even cranes might learn  
Points on steady steering, watching that canoe.

Overhead the blackbird flashed a crimson feather;  
Down the marshy clearing "Indian paint-brush" grew;  
Iris, gold and azure, half a mile together;—  
Colors veered and vanished past our fleet canoe.

## ARTHUR UPSON

Afternoon forgot us for the yesterdays;  
Then with slowing measure up to shore we drew;  
Long we sat in silence by our dead-wood blaze,  
Heard the drowsy river calling our canoe.

Fumes of fragrant coffee, pungent smoke of wood,  
Blankets spread for slumber 'neath the tipped canoe;—  
Oh, the golden Summer! Sweet it was and good  
Up the Minnesota camping out with you!

## NINA MORAIS COHEN

### 5. *The Conqueror*

IN glittering gold and burnished bronze they stand,  
In velvet-green, storm-frayed and summer-torn,  
Not like the little leaves—the leaves just born,  
Sung by the Tuscan. This a veteran band  
Waiting the Conqueror.

In ranks of crimson—pageant of delight—  
Old fire imprisoned in the summer days,  
Hiding their shriveled wounds, they light the ways  
With glows and flushings for the austere sight  
Of the near Conqueror.

Fearless, they stand in splendor of array,  
Erect, not languorous, in the autumn sun,  
One flash consummate ere their task is done,  
Reluctant to depart, yet loth to stay—  
Hail Conqueror!

## EDITH THOMPSON

6.

### *Rommany Roads*

ELFIN rings are gone, and the ashen ring is blowing  
Far from the empty camp of gypsy-haunted dell;  
Fairy songs are gone, their echoes all are going  
Down the winding road of Rom—O Comrade, is it  
well?

Dreams are not true, their fire-charm is dying  
Only in the glinting eyes of vagrant men of hell.  
Their whispers of the future prove us they are lying—  
Let them hear the ocean roar, so we hold the shell.

Still dance our hearts away beyond our voice's following,  
Drawn by the power unseen that makes the ocean  
swell;  
Is not the gypsy call to our spirits halloing,  
Louder in its unheard sound than ring of blessed bell?

Love-lure and fancy-fire, willow-wisp and charming,  
Crimson flash of gypsy-robe and starlight in a well,  
Never yet were caught and held, robbed of sting alarm-  
ing—  
See, the wind has blown the ash, where we cannot tell.

Gold at the rainbow-end they alone go hoping;  
Star falling through the night, they your meaning tell;  
Hazel-twigg, moon-witched, secret spring-deeps oping,  
Your streams cross only roads of Rom—O Comrade,  
is it well?



## ARTHUR UPSON

### 7. *Minstrels in Bloomsbury*

TO Covent Garden people stream  
To drink the music there;  
We stand along the curb and dream  
To melodies more rare:  
*Sing on, enchanted minstrel-girl,  
Thou artless, young and fair!*

The 'busses of Southampton Row,  
The jingling hansoms here,  
Bear London, heedless, to and fro  
In search of evening cheer:  
*For us, thou art enough, dear voice  
Forgetful-sweet and clear!*

Our daylong toil but goes to win  
Another toilsome day;  
Play on, oblivious violin!  
Soft harp, beseech thee, play!  
*And thou, pale girl, with eyes aflame,  
Sing on for us who stay!*

## LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

### 8. *Only a Rose*

LET this but be my guerdon  
As we part,  
The flower that lies a burden  
On your heart.  
Only a rose,  
Its leaves shall close  
Over a thought of you too sweet and fair  
To lose itself in perfume on the air.

## LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

Let this be one last token  
Ere I break  
My heart with things unspoken  
For your sake.  
Only a rose,  
In your repose  
It leaves no pain of memories that cry  
Their vain reproaches while your joy goes by.

Let this be but my passion  
Flung away,  
The pretty, changing fashion  
Of a day.  
Only a rose,  
Its petals close  
Over a smile you gave. If you forget,  
My heaven is that I brought you no regret.

## CHARLES CARTER ROLLIT

### 9. *The Dreamer*

THE dreamer dreamed: and the busy world  
Passed by with a mocking smile,  
As it went in search of the world's rewards,  
But the dreamer dreamed the while.

He saw the world, as the world should be,  
When longer years had run,  
And the world but paused in its work to ask:  
"Pray, what has the dreamer done?"

## CHARLES CARTER ROLLIT

Yet ever the dreamer dreamed his dream,  
Until, in some wondrous way—  
As the water springing in deeps of earth,  
Finds passage to upper day—

The dreamer's dream found the man of power—  
'Tis strange how men's lives are knit—  
Who knew not the dreamer, but took his dream  
And transformed the world with it.

The world bows down to the man of power—  
Forgotten the dreamer lies—  
Yet the dream he dreamed is the secret force  
That has forged man's destinies.

## ARTHUR UPSON

### 10. *The Sons of Men*

THE whine of the Weak to God on High arose:  
"Hast Thou made all things, O Lord, for the Great,  
our foes?

Behold, how under the Strong our ranks are hurled!  
Tell us, O Lord, for whom mad'st Thou Thy world?"

And the Ancient of Days looked down on the cripple  
throng,

And answered, "*I made My world for the Great and  
Strong!*"

The rage of the Great arose to God on High:  
"We are baffled by cowards that twist our schemes awry!  
We are dragged to earth by the weaklings everywhere!  
For whom mad'st Thou Thy world, O God, declare?"

And the Lord replied from His lofty place apart,  
"*I made My world for the Weak and Faint of Heart!*"

## ARTHUR UPSON

11.

### *Attar of Roses*

O YEARS, I charge you, be as a flower,  
As a rose to the friends I love;  
Red with life, and sweet with power  
That comes from the sun above!

Petals that perish one by one,  
Falling away like these,  
Are the red years ripening under the sun  
In the yard of the centuries.

As they fall, as they fall, so may they fall  
That tenderly like to these,  
They shall fade but to sweeten some soul withal  
From the rose-bowl of memories.  
*Christmas, 1904.*

## LILY A. LONG

12.

### *When She Came*

ALL the maples were aflame  
As she came  
Through the long and shadowy alleys of the cool  
September wood.  
Goldenrod with yellow plume,  
Asters purple in their bloom,  
Sprang to spread a royal carpet in the places where  
she stood.  
And my heart was all aflame  
As she came

## LILY A. LONG

Through the long and silent alleys that must lead her  
unto me.

Flowers before unknown, unguessed,

Woke where'er her footstep pressed,

And my life outbroke in beauty, since her eyes were  
there to see.

## ARTHUR UPSON

### 13. *Of Marguerite Playing Airs from Carmen*

THERE'S a new beauty thrilling in my soul  
When I behold those supple, childish hands  
Winning the proud piano to control,  
Taming the passionate music of wild lands:

Slender maid-fingers rousing melodies  
Within the mighty sleeping instrument  
Where thunder-toned sonatas lie at ease,  
And infinite fair fugues dream on content!

Soft girl-hands that transpose the airs of Spain  
By white, still magic to a lovelier key  
Unknown to wise *maestri*, and in vain  
Looked for in books where written measures be!

I almost think that Carmen's is no more  
The madly willful heart, but fine and sweet,  
And that her voice, not mournful as of yore,  
Sings joy beneath the touch of Marguerite!

## ARTHUR UPSON

### 14. *When the Song Is Done*

(The last poem written by Arthur Upson)

WHEN the song is done  
And his heart is ashes,  
Never praise the Singer  
Whom you, silent, heard.  
What to him the sound?  
What your eyes' fond flashes?  
When the singing's over  
Say no word!

Ye who darkling stood,  
Think, your noon of praises,  
Can it glimmer down  
To his deepset bower?  
Never round him shone  
Once your garden-mazes:  
Now his wandering's over  
Bring no flower!

## JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

### 15. *In Memory of Arthur Upson*

STILL round the fire we cling with hands outspread.  
He has stepped forth and closed the door behind  
Upon a moment's errand, but with kind  
Solicitude has left us in his stead  
This eager fire with seasoned timber fed.  
Draw close, and watch the ardent colors wind  
The big sticks round, with ocean-tears, embrined.  
This fire will last our stay out, have no dread!

RICHARD WARNER BORST

16.

*Another Day*

TODAY I found a grass-grown grave, and read  
The rain-worn name upon the leaning stone;  
And felt, with sudden awe, the years long sped  
O'er the dead face of her laid there alone.

And I forgot that on another day  
Some stranger soul may read the far-fled year  
Above my face, and in the silence say,—  
“Long hath he lain beneath the cypress here!”

HELEN A. SAXON

17.

*Just Once a Year*

JUST once a year the Saskatoon  
Arrays herself in filmy white  
And glimmers in the misty moon,  
A fairy bride for love bedight.

Just once a year the columbine  
Puts on her dainty scarlet hood  
To join the gypsies brave and fine  
That dance within the windy wood.

And once a year when purple fires  
Are lighted in the lilac tree  
What wistful hopes and far desires  
Ache softly at the heart of me!

Just once a year the world is filled  
With beauty in such wild excess  
That we as at a shrine are stilled  
And satisfied with loveliness!

## HAROLD B. CROZIER

18.

### *The Men of Iron*

I SING of the Men of Iron,  
Who in the days gone by,  
Full fifty years and more ago,  
Through winter's numbing, drifting snow,  
And then when summer's sun was high,  
Bravely built the iron highway,  
Over Indian trail and byway,  
Over the wilder West,  
Over the mountain crest,  
Over the river's breast.

Aye, sing of the Men of Iron;  
Young men who dreamed the dreams,  
Old men who saw the visions grand  
Of Western empire, mighty, spanned  
By engine travelled trail that gleams  
From where the lakes and streams abound  
On and on to Puget Sound,  
Over prairies wide,  
Over the Main Divide,  
On to the ocean's side.

Yes, sing of these Men of Iron;  
Undying be their fame.  
For many a graceful, arching bridge,  
And many a conquered mountain ridge,  
And many a city bears their name.  
Empire Builders, they of old,—  
Poets, prophets, princes bold:  
Men of Iron—strong,  
To you shall e'er belong  
A glad, triumphant song.



## EDITH THOMPSON

### 19. *Christ Mass for Toilers*

COME in from the plowing, and the sowing, and the  
reaping, and the garnering of lands;

Come in from the spinning, and the weaving, and  
the shaping of the scarlet garments 'gainst  
the cold;

From the hunting, and the slaying, for the feasts of  
hungry lips;

From the delving, and the melting, and the coining  
of gold;

From the sea, and the toiling of the ships;

Come in from the hewing, and the sawing, and the build-  
ing of the house with hands;

Gather round the cradle of the Babe, hushed and serious,  
And let those eyes of innocence, deep and mysterious,

Search yours to find if there be any room for him

In the bent form, the lined face, the hidden soul and dim.

In that look, you will remember dumb, hurt things;  
You will recall the loud cry upon the hills when great  
trees fell,

The sighing keen of grain, when sickles sing,  
The kindnesses forgot, when the shine of gold seemed  
wise.

You needs must grieve,

And, in the great foreshadowing of those infant eyes,  
The deep significance, the solemn gift of all this sacrifice  
You will receive.

And you will turn in humbleness away  
To celebrate with heart subdued this holy day

In the house of your soul,

At a table spread to fill love's highest need,  
Clothed in garb woven out of tenderness indeed;  
In the house of your soul, the temple of high God.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

(His last poems) .

### 20. *The Front of Morn*

FROM labours through the night, outworn,  
Above the hills, the front of morn  
We see, whose eyes to heights are raised,  
And the world's wise ones call us crazed.  
While yet her lord lies under seas,  
She takes us, as the wind the trees'  
Delighted leafage; all in song  
We mount to her, to her belong.

### 21. *A Wilding Flower*

A WILDING little stubble flower  
The Sickle scorned which cut for wheat;  
Such was our hope in that dark hour  
When nought save uses held the street,  
And daily pleasures, daily needs,  
With barren vision looked abroad.  
And still the same result of seeds  
Gave likeness 'twixt the live and dead.

### 22. *Love of Nature*

THIS love of nature, that allures to take  
Irregularity for harmony  
Of larger scope than our hard measures make;  
Cherish it as thy school for when on thee  
The ills of life descend.

## NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

23.

### *Kareol*

LIKE Tristram desolate by a sunlit sea,  
I wait for you, Beloved, and I stand  
Gazing forever toward a foreign land,  
Where you sojourn and where I cannot be;  
But here the waters sparkle joyfully  
And, heartsick, I desire God's almighty hand,  
That I may cross the ocean, as that band  
Which walked dryshod to life and victory.  
You wander in old cities, still and gray,  
And with the hum of summer, or the breath  
Of spring, or thin-toned bells at close of day,  
Perchance the thought of me will come, like Death,  
And sink into your soul, and take away  
Something of you, to show that you keep faith.

## NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

24.

### *For a Book*

A MONK once labored in a lonely cell,  
Gilding the pages of a missal rare,  
And those who passed looked in to see him  
there,  
His lips soft smiling, and a light that fell  
Glorious about his head; and one would tell:  
"Here sits he all the day and will not spare  
Himself for weariness, but his look will bear  
Such peace as in God's face alone may dwell."  
Lady, I give thee this and ask thee here,  
To read these pages in the light that made  
The monk smile always, and his task, each year,  
Grow lighter and his soul more unafraid;  
Love had its wonder on his spirit laid;  
And in that vision's brightness all was dear.

## PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVÉ

25.

### *Divided*

**N**OT by the gray, dividing seas,  
Nor by the mountain's circling height,  
Nor by the river's winding length,—  
Ah! by none of these  
Was thy life loosed from mine. Only the might  
Of wrong done for wrong's sake could compass  
strength  
To break the bonds of wedded faith and love  
And send me henceforth on my path alone!  
Knowing that sin divides, but loving prayer  
To God's high place above,  
As surely as 'tis sent will find a way  
To bring thee to thy soul's fair dwelling place  
Which thou hast left, I, meanwhile, am content,  
Since God has given me power to smite and stay  
The crime of unforgiveness from my heart  
And given me grace  
That for thy soul's best good I still may pray.

## AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS

26.

### *Signals*

**I**NTO a garden that I know and love  
A-quiver with sweet bud and bloom,  
All warm with glowing sun above—  
There stole today a sudden gloom.  
The shadow of the fog crept there  
And into chill of shifting gray was drawn  
The brightness of my garden fair—  
As held in clouded dawn.

## AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS

The sun was lost—but through the gray  
There gleamed my rose—brave bit of red;  
Then came another signal gay—  
White shimmer from my lily-bed;  
And so when shadows strike across  
Our lives, and take the glamour of the light,  
There flash quick smiles to brighten loss—  
Kind eyes—how good to sight!

### AGNES LEE

27.

#### *Valentine*

**L**O! he knocks at your door,  
In the moonshine.  
Bid him the threshold o'er,—  
Poor Valentine!

Warmth may he never win.  
Cold are the stars.  
Red is the fire within.  
Fast are the bars.

All within guards complete  
Joy warm and still.  
None saw the sorry feet  
Trudge up the hill.

None knew the song, apart,  
Patient and long.  
None heard a breaking heart  
Sob in the song.

Dim grows the curtained light.  
Soft is the sign:  
He may forth in the night,—  
Poor Valentine!

## RICHARD BURTON

28.

### *Clown's Day*

(Choosing April First as an appropriate day, a number of professional clowns held a meeting in New York to perfect a permanent organization.)

**B**ROTHER fools from everywhere,  
Let us gather and grow wise.  
Ours the day, so let us dare  
Show the world our sober guise.

We must mum it through the year,  
Hide behind the painted grin;  
Let us be more human here,  
Men of memories, men of sin.

Life's no jest, we know it well;  
Care lurks close behind the scene.  
Heaven's not half so sure as hell  
For a clown whose purse is lean.

Ours to make the simple laugh,  
Ours to give the sad surcease;  
This our only epitaph:  
"Here the jester is at peace."

God above! We merry men  
Smile and caper up and down,  
Sing our foolish catches, when  
Death looks sweet to many a clown.

We are fain to weep and love,  
Pray, and think of mighty things;  
Turn our dreamy gaze above,  
Mount to visions, float on wings.

Twenty raptures may go by  
Just outside the big white tent;  
We would taste them ere we die,  
Since for this our life was lent.

## RICHARD BURTON

We must pace the little ring;  
Yet Life has her golden goals  
For us all, to that we cling;  
Clowns are we,—but living souls!  
  
Lads in motley, brothers dear,  
Gather now and hark to me:  
April Fools, our day, is here;  
Let us use it soberly.

## HELEN LANYON

29.

### *Mâire*

WHEN Mâire at the fireside sits,  
A farmer's lass in homespun dressed;  
I watch her as she sews or knits,  
And there is hunger in my breast.  
  
My thought is all a wand'ring dream,  
I see her not as others may,  
A young girl in the firelight's gleam,  
Doing her work at close of day.  
  
I see a queen all shod with gold,  
And crowned with gems of glittering fire,  
Her royal robes about her rolled,  
Too great for any man's desire.  
  
I see a saint whose holy eyes  
Have looked beyond all evil things,  
To catch in fields of Paradise  
A sudden glint of rainbow wings.  
  
And I am troubled in her sight,  
My throat is choked with swelling tears,  
The queen's too high, the saint's too white:—  
I must go lonely all my years.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

30.

### *The Voice of the Unborn*

FROM the Unseen I come to you tonight,  
The Hope and Expectation of your world.

I am Omniscience that seeks of you  
A tongue to utter the Eternal Thought.  
I am Omnipotence that claims of you  
The tools whereby my power may profit earth.  
All love am I, that seeks to spend itself  
Embodied in a human sacrament.  
For I have heard the wailing of the world,  
Not faint and far away as in a dream;  
But very near—and lo, I understood  
It need not be. Wherefore I come to you.

O you to whom my tenderness goes out,  
To whom I fain would bring an end of groans  
And blind, bewildered tears, a cloudless dawn  
Of unimagined joy and strength unguessed,  
What welcome will you give to me, O World?  
Since I whose dwelling is the universe  
Will stoop to walls and rafters for your sake,  
What is the home you have prepared for me?  
O Men and Women, is it beautiful,  
A place of peace, a house of harmony?  
Will you be glad, who know me as I am,  
To see me make my habitation there?  
Since I will hamper my divinity  
With weight of mortal raiment for your sake,  
What vesture have you woven for my wear?  
O Man and Woman who have fashioned it  
Together, is it fine and clean and strong,  
Made in such reverence of holy joy  
Of such unsullied substance, that your hearts  
Leap with glad awe to see it clothing me,  
The glory of whose nakedness you know?



## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Oh long, long silence of the wakening years!  
Thus have I called since man took shape as man;  
Thus will I call till all mankind shall heed  
And know me, who today am one with God,  
And whom tomorrow shall behold, your child.  
*From the Unseen I come to you tonight—*

## AGNES LEE

31.

### *Forest Fires*

**O** MOTHER, I cannot sleep tonight,  
For the air blows thick from the dune.  
And through my window a glaring fright  
Peeps the blood-red face of the moon!

Far from our village, little lad,  
The forest fires are raging.  
The fire-king hastens hard and mad,  
His furious battle waging.

His doomful breath has every town,  
As through the distant mazes  
Of woodland green he rushes down,  
And scorches black the daisies.

He gathers little homes and mills.  
He beats apart the bridges,  
And leaps the streams and climbs the hills  
And flames the mountain-ridges.

Tall in the land sweet hosts of pines  
Are flanking close to daunt him.  
But he shall mow their million lines,  
And onward still shall vaunt him.

## AGNES LEE

All beauty smites he with his hand,  
Himself its last beholder.  
Twice twenty miles of timberland  
Upon his pathway smoulder.

*Look, mother, the world seems thirsting so!  
The day and the night are one.  
And over the gables leaning low  
The moon is as red as the sun!*

*But I'll draw together my curtains dark,  
And back in my bed again  
I'll pray me asleep, or, waking, hark  
For the sound of the conquering rain.*

## NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

### 32. *To Eva in Paradise*

I GAVE you all my heart, so long ago  
I have forgotten when the gift was made,  
Receiving part of yours, that I might know  
How great a portion in my hands was laid.  
Each morn I leave the ready task of life,  
And seek the corner where your heart, enshrined,  
Lends peace which, with a thousand colors rife,  
Fills every chamber of my eager mind.  
Lady, I look to you as men of old  
Looked to their Virgin, and like them I pray:  
"Lead me but upward; give me grace to hold  
Fast to the spirit and escape the clay."  
Your heart, perchance, some day all mine will be.  
Why should I ask? Enough is granted me.

## RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

33.

### *The Subway*

BROADWAY roars above my head,  
China seethes below,  
As I—swiftly, strangely sped—  
Through the dark earth go.

Barks are riding on the sea,  
Air-ships skim the blue:  
Iron chariots carry me  
These dim caverns through.

Fleeing 'neath a churchyard old,  
Next the quiet dead,  
Rushing past we stir their mould,  
Shake their ancient bed.

Underneath the river now!  
Waters of the sea  
Cleft by some great ship's smooth prow  
Sweeping over me!

Dante, pilgrimaging where  
Lucifer was hurled,  
Journeyed not thus debonair  
Through the underworld!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus I mused as on we swept  
Forty fathoms down.  
Then, my journey done, I stept  
Out into the town.

## ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

34.

### *Lament for an Owl*

ALONG the edge of dusk he'd hoot and howl,  
A most down-hearted, lonesome sort of owl,  
A grim, sardonic bird, a graveyard fowl.

He spoiled the singing of the hermit thrust;  
The whippoorwill  
Grew suddenly still  
When his outlandish hoots broke evening's hush.

Wherefore I counted it a cause for joy  
When one nightfall I met the general pest,  
Whom gently I addressed:  
Just sit you there, old boy,  
And take a hint from those your hoots annoy,  
Myself, the hermit thrush, and all the rest.  
With which I shot him through his speckled breast.

He tumbled down, torn breast and ruddled jowl,  
That poor old owl!  
In after dusks the sweet, light poets made  
Music as sweet in the moon-enameled shade;  
But I missed my wise old hooter from his glade,  
My questioning seer, my wearer of the cowl.

Long since departed thrush and whippoorwill,  
Leaving me lonely on my windy hill;  
And now that woods are bare and ways are foul,  
Much more I miss my owl.

## REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

### 35. *My Brother*

"And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?"—St. Luke, xii, 14.

I CANNOT see what many see:  
A Heaven far distant from the clod;  
I seek and find, not two or three,  
But all our persons in One God.

For most the birth, 'mid portents wild,  
The cryptic youth half-sorcerer;  
For me the unnoted, mangled child,  
The manly, sweating carpenter;—  
No great detective in the skies;  
No crafty hand that sets a snare,  
And then, all powerfully wise,  
Slays me because I venture there;  
But Him of Sorrows, who forgave  
The woman taken in her sin,  
Who had the human heart to save  
The sorry-painted Magdalen.

Jesus, they tremble at your name—  
They at high altars hymning low—  
But would their tongues have wagged the same,  
Say, nineteen hundred years ago?  
Are you their Lord, your servants those  
Who for your garments would have diced?  
Who wills may dread the Master's blows—  
I am your weaker brother, Christ!

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

36.                    *The Standard-Bearer*

**S**WIFTLY the shrieking fire-bird gleams  
Before his blank, bewildered face;  
Close to his ear the bullet screams,  
The battle swirls about his place.

One thought alone stands clear to him  
Whose rigid hands the standard keep,  
Before whose desperate eyes and dim  
The ranks reel by as seen in sleep,

One longing—in the orchard lane,  
Far from this blazing blare of death,  
To stand at twilight once again  
And draw one deep, untroubled breath.

HELEN A. SAXON

37.                    *What Moved Him Most*

**W**HAT moved Him most—the lilies robed in white?  
The flush of April on the meadows wide?  
Dawn mirrored in the Galilean tide?  
The lark's transporting song outpured in flight?  
Or—dearer still to yearning hearts—the light  
Within the eyes of those who at His side  
Braved prejudice and fear and would have died  
To save—although they slept that one great night!

## HELEN A. SAXON

Earth showed to Him her most enchanting guise,  
And comradeship was never yet so dear,  
Since He beheld with more than mortal eyes—  
What was it then that moved Him most when here?  
*The lonely, grieving heart, the leper's sighs,  
The sinner's anguish and the widow's tear.*

## RICHARD WARNER BORST

38.

### *Matins*

THE breezes of the spring  
Have taken wing,  
And on the soft airs fling,  
From vaporous censers swinging in their hands,  
The perfumes of far lands.

And, as they upward leap,  
Lightly they sweep  
The deep and solemn sounding strings  
Of nature's lyre, and sweet there rings  
A note that from the roadside springing,  
Sets every swaying tree-top singing  
The song of growing things!

As through the lanes I pass,  
I hear in all the dells  
A music low, that wells  
From everywhere and tells  
Of joy among the bending blades of grass,  
That chant their early mass.

## THOMAS WALSH

39.

### *The Market-Place*

THERE strode a Bedouin through the market-place,  
A frown like some archangel's on his face,  
And as the merchants spread their richest ware,  
Their silver woofs and gold, their jeweled lace,  
Their gems of Samarkand and perfumes rare,  
He cried them off. . . . "I seek a gift more fine . . .  
All these Maisuna hath . . . and still doth pine."

Then whispered him his slave-boy from Cashmere:  
"Master of Life, thou hast seen all things here,  
Yet since no trinket, pearl, nor vesture seems  
Of worth for her whom thou dost hold most dear,  
I know hard-by a little booth of dreams,  
Wherein a gentle scribe of Persia writes  
Such fond *ghazals* as bring the heart delights."

In vain were gilt and santal'd case unrolled:  
"Songs like to these she hath in heaps untold!  
What ho!—some witch, some scholar from the East,  
With spells for sale for good Tunisian gold!"  
Then at his cloak plucked Ishmael the priest,  
And whispered: "Lay beneath her feet thy pride;  
'Tis with the meek of heart that love and Allah bide."

## EDITH THOMPSON

40.

### *At Sunset*

ICLIMB the hill's steep stairway  
To its galleries under the sky,  
Seeking but sanctuary for soul beset, at bay  
Within the wings of music in the wind.



## EDITH THOMPSON

Tall birch trees stand along the lane,  
As down some dim, hushed aisle,  
Like white cathedral candles, twain and twain,  
Burning with soft fall fire.

At the end, through arching branches  
John's vision of a city new,  
Built out of the lights of the sunset,  
Four square, of fire and dew—  
God of that saint on Patmos,  
Thou, God, revealed anew.

## ARTHUR STRINGER

### 41. *From the New World to the Old*

**D**O you know them, Old-World Brother, open prairies  
of the West?

Do you know them, Troubled Spirit, where the out-  
ward trail is best?

Have you seen them in the gloaming, greening acres of  
the Spring?

Have you watched them in the autumn where the ripened  
wheatlands swing?

Have you scented, Restless Brother, through your cities  
old and gray,

Once the odor of the camp-fire where the North Trail  
leads away?

Have you known this deep renewal where the dreams of  
youth return,

Where the prairie meets the foothills and the sunlit  
Rockies burn?

## ARTHUR STRINGER

Have you known the thrill of rapture where the great  
wide spaces call?  
Have you faced the opal valleys where the wine-red  
shadows fall?  
Have you raced into the sunrise down the mist-draped  
couléé-slope,  
Where all life is crowned with wonder and the years are  
young with Hope?

## EDWARD H. S. TERRY

42.

### *The Poet*

AH, heart, I know you're tired, I too am torn,  
I know you've suffered—that you understand  
The vigil of the night, in sorrow born,  
The burden of the people through the land,  
All this you comprehend—and more beside.

You too can comfort those who've loved and lost,  
Or lives that have been crushed, yet outward pride  
Keeping the smiling face, whate'er the cost;  
And you have been with freinds who have just died,  
Yea! in the valley also, near the grave.

And you have sung with singer's voice sublime,  
Or battled in the war with soldiers brave;  
You too have spoken messages divine,  
And sailed with sturdy sailors o'er the wave,  
Or suffered as the prisoners do in jail.

## EDWARD H. S. TERRY

And so you're weary, heart of mine, and sad,  
You cannot win when others 'round you fail,  
But when mankind is happy, you are glad;  
You too are searching for the Holy Grail  
And only he that's pure in heart, shall find!

Though you may stand aloof, yet you behold  
The inmost workings of each human mind;  
The struggle of the poor when days are cold,  
The wretchedness of those that are born blind,  
Are all your portion, and you suffer all.

The sins of others are your sins also;  
If men are vile you too will feel the fall;  
And bright and burning thoughts within you glow  
When man has climbed the heights and gained the wall,  
Success is yours, as well as his, ah! well.

But no one shares your life as on you go:  
Along the highway, o'er the moor and dell,  
Passing along through sunshine, cloud and snow,  
You too have been in Paradise and Hell,  
And some will call you Fool—but God is wise!

## EDITH THOMPSON

### 43. *A Quiet Hour*

EVER green and ever murmurous they stand against  
the west,

    Their shadows weaving softly through the grass  
Of the old grave-yard, where have gone to rest,

    After their day of earth and stress, men's bodies  
    brave and worn.

## EDITH THOMPSON

The place is quiet like an upper chamber made for sleep  
Close underneath the sky where sunsets aureole their  
heads,

The tall pines, dark and soothing, velvet deep,  
Draw softest curtains 'round their hour of calm.

In the long sighing of the pines' unebbing tide,  
Hear the profound hushed moving of that vail  
Behind which, those no longer here, abide  
The years, unseen, unheard of us without.

And in their shifting shades that tread the grass,  
Calm and unhurried through the afternoon,  
Shadows within the shadows seem at times to pass  
Down the long lanes that thread eternity.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

### 44. *The Abandoned Farm*

ALL in the far-set Shadow-land it lies,  
Dreaming away the idle hours at will.  
Song there is mute, and even sound is still  
As twilight when the last day-echo dies.  
Voiceless, it sleeps, save where the lone wind sighs  
Softly, as if to self, through fields of grass  
Fallow and futile but for bees that pass—  
Fields that were Eden-sweet to wistful eyes.

All in the far-set Shadow-land it waits  
Press of tired feet which may return no more.  
Weeds romp, in blossomy riot, by the door,  
Like children gathering home; and where the gate's  
Low wicket rots with age that makes or mars,  
The Morning Glory mends the broken bars.

## JOHN CARTER

45.

### *Ballade of Misery and Iron*

HAGGARD faces and trembling knees,  
Eyes that shine with a weakling's hate,  
Lips that mutter their blasphemies,  
Murderous hearts that darkly wait:  
These are they who were men of late,  
Fit to hold a plow or a sword.  
If a prayer this wall may penetrate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

Poets sing of life at the lees  
In tender verses and delicate;  
Of tears and manifold agonies—  
Little they know of what they prate.  
Out of this silence, passionate  
Sounds a deeper, a wilder chord.  
If song be heard through the narrow grate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

Hark, that wail of the distant breeze,  
Piercing ever the close-barred gate,  
Fraught with torturing memories  
Of eyes that kindle and lips that mate.  
Ah, by the loved ones desolate  
Whose anguish never can pen record,  
If Thou be truly compassionate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

### L'Envoi

These are pawns that the hand of Fate  
Careless sweeps from the checker-board.  
Thou that know'st if the game be straight,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

46.

### *In April*

LAST year I dreamed of days to be,  
Pale April days, when you and I  
Should read God's dearest mystery  
Joy-blazoned upon earth and sky.  
'Tis April now—the robins sing—  
New life is green upon the hill—  
But you have blossomed with the Spring  
In violet and daffodil.

The grass grows brighter on a grave:  
Oh fellow-comrades of despair,  
Blossom our hearts more blithely brave  
For what lies buried there?  
The lovelier for hidden grief  
Unfolds the Spring's green panoply:  
And shall the frail unconscious leaf  
More godlike live than we?

## HELEN LANYON

47.

### *The Valley of Tears*

THERE'S a little Irish village in the shadow of the  
hill,

Where the folded valley turns toward the sea,  
The wind is never weary there, the waves are never still,  
And there I dwell, and Sorrow dwells with me.

When all the folk are sleeping, and the silver-fingered  
moon

Draws ghostly shadow-pictures on my blind,  
I lie and chide the loitering dawn, and cry, "Come soon,  
ah soon,

That I may put my sorrow out of mind!"

## HELEN LANYON

And when the village wakens and I go into the street,  
And see the children playing in the sun,  
And scent the far-off heather, and the near sweet smell  
of peat,  
I cry aloud, "Would God the day were done!"

The golden sun is scattered on the lifting, shifting wave.  
The shining pools are flooded by the tide,  
And on the distant hillside the whin's as bright and brave  
As e'er it was before my lover died.

There's a little Irish village in the shadow of the hill,  
Where the folded valley turns toward the sea,  
The wind is never weary there, the waves are never still,  
And there I dwell, and Sorrow dwells with me.

## NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

### 48. *The Dream City*

I GAZED at you and saw your eyes were sad,  
And in that sadness I, too, had a share;  
But your hand crept near mine, and then how  
glad  
Was I, in turn, that you had placed it there:  
For we together wandered through the world,  
Amid its darkness we alone could see  
The path which, round a rocky hillside curled,  
Led to the city where our dreams would be.  
Somber those walls, like shadows of the night,  
And round the turret's ever-changing haze;  
Within the streets the sad of heart are bright;  
Love is the stipend paid for happy days.  
Still stands the city, and the sunset glow  
Shall lead us thither by the path we know.

## RUTH KAUFFMAN

49.

### *Le Jardin de France*

GENTLE *tourangelle*, Renée,  
In your flowering garden gay  
I can see you, short, trim dress,  
Fluted cap that hides each tress,  
*Sabots* clattering their way  
Through my dreams of you, Renée.

Peasant-pretty, peasant-poor,  
When you lived in France-wrapped Tours,  
Virgin voice that sings and sings  
In the shadow of dead kings,—  
Throat that laughs and eyes that play,—  
These my dreams of you, Renée.

Peasant-maid, or peasant-wife,  
Have you lost or won with life?  
Years ago you were Romance  
Near the *château'd* Loire of France,—  
I am half a world away;  
Where are you, Renée, Renée?

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

50.

### *To Mine Own People*

WHEN ye pass by there is no need to cry  
Or call across the tumult of the street.  
In my shut chamber's hush where none is nigh  
My heart can hear you between beat and beat,—  
Yea, in the silver hour can hear you call  
Ere the birds' clamorous antiphonal  
Ushers the morning up the eastern sky.



## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I will not run before my task is done  
To seek you, for I know where'er you be  
When the hour strikes, your journeys are begun,  
And in good time my waiting eyes shall see  
Between the forest of the huddle spears  
Of the vain army of opposing years,  
Your faces dawn like planets, one by one.

What care I though you come only to go?  
Yours is the Highway, and from my abode  
I wave Godspeed rejoicing, for I know  
Some day my time will come to take the road,—  
To find the fires you left, your steps to trace,  
And at the journey's ending, face to face  
To meet you, waiting by the Hearth's calm glow.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

### 51. *The End of It*

THE earth weighs down my lids—they forget the  
feeling of tears;

The heavy clods on my heart numb it to pleasure  
and pain,

And my blood shall freeze or flame to your mood as in  
bygone years

Never again, Beloved,—never again.

I strove to see as you saw, I strove to hear as you heard,  
I strove to stride with your strength, catching my labour-  
ing breath,—

And never you slackened your speed to toss me a heart-  
ening word—

Weary to death, Beloved —weary to death.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

If you called in the name of our love, I would not open  
mine eyes;  
If you called in the name of my sorrow, no sigh would  
stir in my breast;  
If you called me with God's own voice, I would answer  
not nor arise,  
Now that I rest, Beloved—now that I rest.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

### 52. *The Cricket in the Path*

SHE passed through the shadowy garden, so tall and  
so white,  
Her eyes on the stars and her face like an angel's  
upturned,  
And it seemed to my thought that the dusk round her  
head with the light  
Of an aureole burned.

But where she had trodden unseeing, I found on the path  
A cricket, so frail that her light foot had maimed it, yet  
strong  
To valiantly pipe, tiny hero, a faint aftermath  
Of its yesterday song.

And I whispered, "Alas, Little Brother, why must it  
befall  
That the passing of angels but cripples and leaves us  
to die?  
Poor imp of the greensward, God trumpets me clear in  
thy call;  
Thou art braver than I.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

"The Bright Ones of Heaven have trodden me down as  
they passed;  
I crawl in their footsteps a trampled and impotent thing.  
I know not the reason, nor question henceforth; to the  
last,  
While I live, I will sing."

## MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

### 53. *Not to the Swift*

WE ran, and I outdistanced him;  
Yea, I had surely won the race.  
But as I reached to touch the goal  
My backward look caught that man's soul,  
Straining from out his weary face,  
And all my hot desire grew dim.  
How he had toiled, the goal to gain!  
Could I make that brave striving vain?

## MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

### 54. *The Fasting Brother*

RIDES here stern brother John to town  
With us poor sinners, great and small;  
Jew and Gentile, sage and clown,  
Light-hearted school girl, soldier tall.  
Throughout the noisy car the while  
Fly jest and laughter, to and fro.  
For them he hath nor frown nor smile;  
Aloof, dispassionate as snow,  
Only his dark eyes seem to say,  
"Vanity this, and passeth away:  
For you, poor fools, I fast and pray."

## MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

Yet last night, through a garden gate  
Where cowléd brothers pace the gloom  
I saw him all alone and late  
Over a lilac's windswept bloom  
Bent, with wrung hands and tortured brow.  
Was it old passion racked him so?  
Dreams, with that scent resurgent now?  
I know not; this alone I know,  
That if tonight on God he call  
For us poor sinners, great and small,  
Himself he nameth, chief of all!

## REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

### 55. *The Easter Gospel*

“**B**ECAUSE,” He cries today, “for you  
The Freeman-of-the-Grave,  
I rise, hear what I say for you,  
And use the Gift I gave.  
I lived a life of loss for you;  
I heard the world condemn;  
I died upon a cross for you:  
Do you as much for them.

“Do you as much for them that weep,  
As much for them that slave;  
Your brothers battle with the deep;  
They labor in a grave.  
Be you to them that evil do  
What you would have Me be  
To you that evil did, and you  
This day shall rise with Me.”

## GEORGE NORTON NORTHROP

56.

### *Beyond*

OH Time, Oh Space, Oh Thoughts to be!  
I wed you gladly, with no sigh;  
And I divorce you and am free  
For death, to live again and die.

Upon the hills are crownèd things  
With stars abundant in their hair;  
Of dreaming destinies the kings;  
Mysterious, they beckon there.

And I through lives successive go  
Unto those sovereign forms that bend  
Upon the heights I fain would know,  
Beyond the road my feet would wend.

## THOMAS WALSH

57.

### *The Baby Moon*

“WISEST of the story-tellers,  
All in furs and feathers clad,  
Tell us little wigwam-dwellers  
Why the moon is always sad.”

“Listen, tiny chief and maiden,  
’Tis an old Algonquin tale;  
Once when pumpkin fields were laden  
With the yellow harvest trail,  
By the fire the sachems waited  
For the idle little scamp  
Melgasoway who, belated,  
Brought no pumpkin for the camp:

## THOMAS WALSH

All because a hare before him  
Darted past the setting sun,  
And he chased it until o'er him  
Fell the night and nought was done.  
Now of old there was another  
Moon, a baby one, that rose  
Always following its mother  
Where by Milky Ways she goes.  
Through the leaves he peeped and thought it  
Just the pumpkin for a pie,  
And his bow and arrow brought it  
Tumbling down from out the sky.  
Then it splashed into the thicket—  
Just a dead and blackened pile—  
Was there ever boy so wicked!—  
Now the moon no more will smile.”

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

58.

### *At Shottery*

ON such a day of quiet rain,  
When all the air was gray and sweet  
With unseen flowers, and Spring's dear pain  
Of longing in her pulses beat,

She may have stood with arms outspread  
Amid the box-trees dripping spice,  
And listened for his coming tread  
As for the harps of paradise.

We sigh for him, whom God's red spur  
Drove up the hallowed heights of tears—  
But in the valley, what of her,  
And her long, aching, outgrown years?

## EDITH THOMPSON

### 59. *An Inscription on a Door*

**A**S the gypsy carts were following a blown and drizzled road,

They came to a house where the supper fire glowed;  
But they found on its closed door these words of bitter bode:

"Smile, sun; sing, wind; dance, rain, you'll not get in;  
Smile, sing, and dance, gypsy, neither shall you nor sin."

"Ah, but when ye shut the sun out,  
What did ye shut out too?

Day-dawn, and nightfall in mingled fire and blue,  
Color's dear mystery of seven-tinted hue.

And when ye drove the wind away,  
What failed ye as it flew?

Voices, and callings, and tunings fit to woo  
Music's best melody from the octaves gods first blew.

And when ye turned the rain about,  
What did ye turn from you?

The silver-sandaled joyance of the tender flowery crew,  
Motion's own magic, and measured heart-beat's clue.

But when ye said us Romany,  
Perhaps 'twas wisdom due?

For ye saved your gauds and gear, and jewels new,  
Your dull light, your mute air, and dry dust—ooh!

And we're off with the brown leaf to the tune of a sigh-  
ing gale

To meet the rain for dancing along green Wheeling  
Swale,

Or to smile to the sun if he come to the hill-top trail.

So, smile, sun; sing, wind; dance, rain, with us your kin,  
For this locked door has kept us Romany from sin!"

THOMAS WALSH

60.

*The Bells of Roncevaux*

YOU can hear them as you go,  
    Whilst the mules creep higher, higher,  
    Where the torrents overflow  
    And each summit lifts a spire—  
Through the vales you hear them soaring  
In a silvery chant adoring—  
    Hark, the bells of Roncevaux!

Lone the proud old abbey stands,  
    Dreaming over lost Navarre;  
Stony lie the folded hands,  
    Stony gaze, by lamp and star,  
They who lit the world of story  
With the soul's first glint of glory—  
    'Neath the bells of Roncevaux.

Knightly comrades, row on row  
    In their mountain shrine, forgotten,  
By their feudal towns below,—  
    There they lie—Fame's first-begotten:  
Helms collapsed and hauberk rust,  
Dust where all the stars are dust—  
    Round the bells of Roncevaux.

Through our hearts their vision steal  
    Out of ancient midnights telling  
How they woke the Christmas peal,  
    How their Easter chimes went swelling  
Through the springtime morns of old  
Ere the world was deaf and cold  
    To the bells of Roncevaux.



## RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

### 61. *Hollyhocks in Venice*

O STRANGE round world! with all  
Of Venice, and Japan,  
The green woods that were Arden's  
And those New England gardens  
Wherein my life began!

Today by the palace wall  
Bright hollyhocks appear,  
(The same that stand like wardens  
In old New England gardens)  
And bring what far things near!

## REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

### 62. *The Seeker*

"I TOO, was born in Arcady";  
Yet all your wise men's wit  
Can never lead me back, and I—  
Try as I do, and try and try—  
Must work and wait and live and die  
Remembering and regretting it!

I see your whole world sick to be  
One moment like my Arcady—  
My native, lost, loved Arcady—  
In these last days of Time;  
And, oh, before your dull sun drops  
Behind your prisoning mountain-tops,  
I want to shout:  
"Come up! Come out!  
One step beyond those peaks will be  
The flowered fields of Arcady;  
Take heart, be brave and climb!

## REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

"Just there across the eternal snows  
Eternal summer buds and blows;  
    Could we a little farther see,  
        Could we but hear—and, oh, we can!—  
There are the nymphs upon the lea;  
    There—hark!—there sound the Pipes of  
        Pan!

One brief ascent, and even we,  
    The slaves of Time,  
Shall hear and see,  
Be glad and free.—  
    Oh, climb!" . . .

And then—and then I know in vain  
    I plead with you, since even I  
Can nevermore return again,  
    Must work and wait and live and die  
        An exile out of Arcady  
        With nothing left but memory  
    Beneath your peaks of snow. . . .

"I, too, was born in Arcady"—  
    But that was long ago.

## AGNES LEE

63.

### *The Drudge*

S OUL, what hath her soul to say,  
At the twilight's umber?

    "Solitude and workaday  
And a little slumber."

In the house, yet of it not,  
No existence sharing.  
Smile for wound her weary lot,  
Paid to be forbearing.

## AGNES LEE

Bounded, loveless, growing old,  
By a tile and rafter;  
Never to herself to hold  
Any moonbeam's laughter;  
Never even joy to know  
How the Scythe befriending  
Calleth: "Dream and work I mow  
To a level ending.

"Ye are stubble—weed and grain,  
Nettle and sweet clover,—  
All that ever shall remain,  
All the wide world over.

"What avail within the Past  
Tarantelles, andantes?  
Leveled stalks are all at last,  
Martyrs or Bacchantes."

## JOSEPHINE WHITNEY

64.

### *Requital*

"**L**ORD, if the body be  
Drudge unto purity,  
What by thy great decree  
Shall the soul gain?

"Lord, if the thirsty drain  
Goblets of bitter rain,  
What shall they thereby gain  
Thirsting the more?

"Lord, whom we much adore,  
What, if our prayers soar,  
Up from this mortal shore,  
Shall we attain?"

## JOSEPHINE WHITNEY

"Child, if thy body be  
Perfect in purity  
It shall provide for me  
Fittingest fane.

"Child, if thou thirst amain,  
Patient beneath thy pain,  
Thou shalt not drink in vain  
Water I pour.

"Child, if thy heart implore  
Grace from the hidden store,  
Thou shall receive—and more:  
Give, as from me."

## WARWICK JAMES PRICE

65.

### *Growth*

(1100)

**T**RADITION, garbed in samite, gold-inwrought,  
Authority, in regal pomp arrayed,  
In austere majesty ruled human thought,  
As pious monks, low kneeling, blindly prayed  
*"Credo, Domine!"*

(1500)

New worlds were rising over ocean's brim,  
New vistas opening out before men's eyes,  
And those who worshipped raised a clearer hymn,  
Which answered to the promise of the skies—  
*"Spero, Domine!"*

(1900)

Unreasoning faith, unsatisfied desire,  
Alike have yielded, like the April snow,  
And we today led surely on and higher  
May, grateful-hearted, feel at last we *know*:  
*"Video, Domine!"*

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

66.

### *Psyche*

THE noonday sun is dim,  
The gold o' the world is gray  
To her who has looked on him  
And turned away.

The beauty is hard to find  
In the meadows of Paradise  
For her who has left behind  
His longing eyes.

For still in the rising sun  
She sees him waiting stand,  
And the breeze when day is done  
Is his beckoning hand;

The stretch of the ebb-cleared beach  
Is a place where his foot may fall,  
And she hears the sound of his speech  
In the flood-tide's call.

Yet onward she strives to go,  
Fearing herself forgot.  
Psyche, return—and know  
Love changes not.

## HERBERT J. HALL

67.

### *The Tow Boat*

HEAD down, ears back, like a leashed Great Dane,  
The tow boat breasts the seas,  
Far out in the reach of the rolling main  
Where the white caps fly in the breeze.  
Astern string the barges, like anchors they drag,  
Number one spitting foam as she rolls,  
While bulky and silent and helpless they lag,  
Two and three with their burden of coals.

## HERBERT J. HALL

Scarce a sign does she give of her long, long fight  
With the wind and the sea and the tow,—  
Scarce a sign of the steady, invincible might  
Of her great engines throbbing below.

Somewhere there are mines and an office, no doubt,  
And a typewriter clicking its keys,  
Great ledgers, long records, trim files all about—  
But the tow boat she scorns such as these.

She knows not her servitude, asks not for fee;  
Her pride is the time of her run,  
Her joy is the lift of the limitless seas,  
Her peace is her anchorage won.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

### 68. *As an Old Mercer*

AS an old mercer in some sleepy town  
Swings wide his windows new day after day,  
Sets all his wares around in arch array  
To please the taste of passers up and down,—  
His hoard of handy things of trite renown,  
Of sweets and spices and of faint perfumes,  
Of silks and prints,—and at the last illumines  
His tiny panes to foil the evening's frown;  
So Nature spreads her proffered treasures: such  
As daily dazzle at the morning's rise,—  
Fair show of isle and ocean merchandise,

And airy offerings filmy to the touch;  
Then, lest we like not these, in Dark's bazaars  
She nightly tempts us with her store of stars.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

69.

### *Afterglow*

NO, no, signora, I am not too old—  
I still can swing an oar—and you are light.  
Eighty—full eighty years—and see, how strong!  
I learned to row in Venice; there ten years  
I was a gondolier. When I came back,  
I rowed upon this lake. . . . You know at first  
Only the little wild Cordevole  
Went roaring through the valley; there was then  
No lake, signora, only villages,  
Tilled fields and vineyards, and the saw-mills droned  
Loud as the river—sixty years ago.  
The water's clear today—look down—you see  
The village there below you? Down—straight down—  
The house that stands a little way apart—  
That was my house. There was beside the door  
A rose-bush growing, that I planted there  
The day our child was born, and right beside  
We marked her height each birthday, and we laughed  
Because she could not overtake the rose.  
“But some day she will have to stoop,” we said,  
“To pluck the roses”—there were just two marks—  
Long, long ago they were washed out, and yet  
I see them there today as I look down.  
Shall we go on?

'Tis sixty years ago.

We married young, signora—we were poor  
But we were strong, and—when one loves, it seems  
Youth is too short and sweet to wait apart  
Until one prospers. There's a savour, too,  
In hard-won bread with love to season it—  
You understand. And children as we were,  
We walked upon the mountain-tops of joy.  
Look how Civetta towers, peak on peak,

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Soft in its rosy pallor; she was pale  
For all her strength. How often I have said  
Civetta taught her cheeks their faint sweet glow.  
She was not ruddy like the other girls.  
"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,"  
The priest would say, and then, "the strength of them  
Is also His." It seemed to us we built  
Our nest within the hollow of God's hand  
There in the valley, for about us rose  
The hills like guardian angels, and we named  
The child Civetta, for the mountain seemed  
Strong as a saint to us. Yet spite of that,  
'Twas Piz we held the dearest, like a hoar  
Old kindly giant, brooding o'er the pass  
To keep out evil comers. Ah, those days!  
You would not think, seeing that silent house  
Below the water, what it used to be.  
There never was a throat so full of music  
As my Costanza's—always I could hear  
A snatch of song that told me where she was.  
Her heart was full of joy—how could it help  
But bubble into melody? And when  
She slept, it seemed the nightingale sang on  
The night through, in her stead. The little one  
Was like her mother. We had made two marks  
Beside the rose-bush . . . sixty years ago. . . .  
We had worked hard, signora, and had saved  
To buy a yoke of oxen; so I went  
Down to Belluno, for the market-day.  
The two went with me to the valley's mouth,  
For in a village at the foot of Piz  
Costanza's cousin lived, and there she said  
That they would stay the night, the earlier  
To greet me on the morrow, and we all  
Could journey home together. So we planned



## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Walking together toward the valley's mouth,  
Civetta on my shoulder; and I asked  
If I should buy a kerchief for my dear,  
But she said no—I was to buy instead  
Some trinket for the child. That was her way.  
And then, because it wrung my heart to go,  
I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills  
And saw the forest-bearded face of Piz  
Bending as if he blessed us, and my heart  
Was glad as at a sign from heaven. I said:  
“May God and Piz watch over you.” And so—  
And so I left them at the valley's mouth.  
She took the faded kerchief from her head,  
Waving it as I went, and I could see  
The sunlight on her hair. When I no more  
Could see her face, her hair was shining still.

And the next day I bought my oxen there,  
In the Belluno market,—comely beasts  
With gentle eyes, and on their horns I bound  
Garlands of poppies. She will clap her hands,  
I thought, and kiss them 'twixt the gentle eyes,  
And hold Civetta up to fondle them.  
And since she had forbidden me to buy  
A kerchief for her head, I bought instead  
A silver pin to wear on holy-days.  
So light of heart I was that all the way  
I laughed and sang aloud, and all the way  
I lifted up my face unto the hills  
That made me glad. But when at last I came  
In sight of home—I could not see my home,  
For Piz was gone, and that which had been Piz  
Crammed all the valley's entrance, and below  
Three villages were buried. They were there. . . .  
A neighbor told me all there was to tell—

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Little enough. A sudden rending crash,  
And all was done. I stood and could not speak.  
The knowledge fell upon me as the hill  
Fell upon them. He wept who told it me.  
I did not weep—I laughed, remembering  
How I commended them to God and Piz,  
And thus it was they had kept faith with me!  
And then he bade me take my goods and go  
Up to a higher village, for the fall  
Had dammed Cordevole, and silently  
The creeping waters rose and rose and rose.  
And then I laughed again. What use to me  
Were house or goods? I gave my goods to him,  
The pair of oxen and the silver pin;  
He had a wife—a kindly soul who nursed  
Costanza in her travail. So I turned  
Nor looked again upon my empty house;  
Turned and went back the way that I had come. . . .  
But as I went, I did not lift my face.  
I hoped some mountain kindlier than the rest  
Would fall upon me, too—but none would fall—  
And all the grass was full of little flowers.  
So I went down to Venice—to the sea;  
No mountains there.

Signora! Pardon me—

I had not thought my tale would make you weep.  
You are too kind—all this was long ago—  
In sixty years there's time for tears to dry.  
And yet it leaves a sear; see, even now  
There's only bareness . . . yonder. Older still,  
The naked wilderness that seams Peron—  
Not all the summers of five centuries  
Have made it green again.

I used to think

That when I came to die, and stood at last

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Right face to face with God, I would not wait  
For Him to judge me—'twas for me to judge.  
I would speak out: "Why did you do this thing?  
I trusted You. Why did You do this thing,  
You and the mountains, if indeed the strength  
Of them is Yours?" But since I did not die,  
I said, "I will have naught of them henceforth,  
God and the mountains. They have smitten me  
Unjustly, cowardly. I trusted them,  
And then they struck a woman and a child  
Suddenly in the darkness. Cowardly!"  
So for ten years I never went to mass  
Nor looked upon the hills. But I would stand  
Often before the crucifix and think,  
"Oh, Brother Signor Jesu, you have known  
How He betrays a trust. You trusted too,  
And He forsook you in your agony."  
I was so young, signora—I had known  
Only our people, simple, kindly, good;  
But in the city I saw other things—  
Greed, hatred and uncleanness—and I saw  
The sea . . . signora, do you know the sea?  
As year by year I saw the ships come in,  
Some prosperous and gay with little flags,  
And some all battered, scarce escaped alive,  
And—saw the women watch for other ships  
That never came—I thought, "Here is a thing  
Cruel as God and treacherous as the hills,  
That favors or destroys just for a whim."  
Until one day, musing as I was wont  
Before the crucifix, it came to me:  
"Perchance Costanza, as the mountain fell,  
Cried out on me—and I was far away.  
Had I been near, I might have died with her,  
But saved her—no. It may be as she died

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

She, too, cried out, 'Thou hast forsaken me!'  
Was God as powerless as I? Did He  
Suffer like me?"

I took that afternoon

No passengers; I rowed out all alone  
And moored my boat, and went where I could look  
Straight out to sea; and all night long I lay  
Upon the sands, and tried to think it clear.  
And when the morning broke, I saw the sea  
Shining before me, and I did not fear  
Nor hate it, for at last I understood  
There was in it no malice and no love;  
Indifferent, it fulfilled its destiny,  
And if its tempests rent the waves alone  
Or beat a ship to driftwood, it nor knew  
Nor cared. If men must needs go forth on it,  
Theirs be the peril, theirs the profit, too.  
The lives of men are nothing to the sea,  
The lives of men are nothing to the hills.  
Their strength is not of God, but all their own.  
Ten years it was since I had said a prayer,  
But there, beside the sea, in the pale dawn—  
'Twas a gray dawn and cold—I stood and prayed.  
"Lord God," I said, "forgive me for my hate.  
You who have suffered, You can understand  
And know the cry of pain. You saw Your son  
Slain by a thing pitiless as the sea,  
Blind as the hills, and You could give no help.  
Lord God, for my own grief I had no tears,  
But for Your grief, and mine, and all the world's." . . .  
So I left Venice, and went back again.  
There in Belluno, all men spoke to me  
Kindly, a little hushed, as if afraid;  
They thought I had been mad. As I went back  
I neither spoke nor sang, but walked erect,

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Head up, and looked the mountains in the face.  
I could not hate them any more, you see—  
They knew not what they did. I understood  
How Cristo could forgive upon the cross.  
It seemed to me I walked, my hand in God's,  
And sometimes as we went, I thought He wept  
And that I whispered, "Lord, be comforted;  
This thing must be." And so I came again  
Into the valley. All was as you see.  
Again the grass was full of little flowers,  
For it was spring; the water was not clear  
But green and turbid from the melting snows,  
And I saw nothing. I was glad of that;  
One learns to bear a little at a time.  
The folk had taken up their life again,  
As one must do, and all about the lake  
I saw again the vineyards and tilled fields  
And heard the saw-mills drone. My neighbor came  
And made me free of all his goods; he said  
My yoke of oxen so had prospered him  
That he could halve his farm with me. His wife  
Was with him, and I saw the silver pin  
Set in her hair. She marked my eyes on it  
And made to take it out—down her kind face  
The tears were running—but I stayed her hand.  
It did not give me pain to see it there.  
I made my home with them, but would not take  
Aught of his land. What did I want of land?  
I had forgotten how to hold a plow.  
I built myself a boat, and back and forth  
I rowed upon the lake, ferrying folk  
And burdens, as they came and called to me.  
And slowly, day by day, the water cleared;  
First I could see the tree-tops, then the tops  
Of chimneys . . . and at last I saw the house. . . .

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I thought the rose-bush still was by the door  
Turned to a water-weed. Only two marks—  
It may be there are roses where she is.  
And in the winter when I could not row  
I joined the timberers on the mountain-side.  
They marveled at me, for I had no fear.  
What should I fear? And often in the snow  
Men came to deadly hurt, and those who wept  
Would turn to me, knowing I understood.  
Then would I say to them, "Be comforted,  
This thing must be—" as I had said to God.  
But though I prayed, I could not go to mass  
And hear the priest, who did not understand,  
Mock at Him, calling Him all powerful,  
Master of all the world—who could not save  
His son, nor aught that any man held dear.

My neighbor's youngest child I loved the best;  
Her eyes were like Civetta's, and she sang  
Always about her play, and as she grew,  
About her work. There was a lad she loved;  
An honest lad—we timbered on the hills  
Together in the winter, and one learns  
To read a man, in that white loneliness.  
And on a day, a dead bough sharp with ice  
Fell on his head; a little while it seemed  
That he was mad, and then he fell asleep  
And breathed, but did not waken. Through the snow  
I bore him to the village in my arms.  
And when I saw my darling in the door  
I strove to say to her, "Be comforted,  
This thing must be—" But I could only say  
"My child, my child!" At last there came a night  
It seemed that he must die; her hand in mine  
We sat beside him, and the clock ticked loud

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Upon the wall—the minutes seemed to trip  
Upon each others' heels, so fast they ran.  
I cannot tell you how it came to me,  
But all at once I spoke: "This is not all,  
The grief and dumb endurance. There is more—  
There is a hidden meaning in it all,  
And what for us is loneliness and tears  
Shall blossom in the hearts of the unborn  
To beauty, for we suffer not in vain  
Although we cannot see the end, not now  
Nor ever, with these eyes. Since God is love,  
Although His ways be strange, they all lead home.  
The patient wrestling of our shaken hearts,  
The pitiless sea, the cruel strength of these  
The hills—are His. His will for earth be done."  
And she beside me, slipping to her knees,  
Laid her hot forehead on my hands and said,  
"His will for earth be done"—but all at once  
He stirred—and she crept near, and raised herself  
And looked into his face—and I could see  
His opening eyes, and hear a whisper, faint  
As falling embers, but in his own voice—  
"Costanza. . . ." 'Twas her name. So I went out  
Under the stars and left those two alone.

See, 'tis their chimney smoking; and that house  
With all the roses and the little ones  
About the door, is his—their eldest boy's—  
The boy they named for me. So many homes  
I can call mine!

Here is the shore at last;  
Just one more stroke.  
I have not wearied you?

## CHARLES T. RYDER

70.

### *I That Have Lived*

**I** THAT have lived and loved life well  
Am scattered now through earth and air,  
And cannot with clear words declare  
What you would know and I could tell;  
Yet do I speak with voices still,  
Would you but hear and understand  
The burthened speech of sea and land,  
The myriad tongues of field and hill.  
Such speech I early knew, and said,  
"Through death and change, life never ends;  
I yet may sojourn among friends":  
And hopefully I joined the dead.

## AGNES LEE

71.

### *Two Houses*

**H**OUSE of the past, house of the sunken stair,  
In somnolence of long untrodden grass!  
Tragedy, pleasure, sin, have crossed thy door,  
Thy crumbling gables are no longer fair,  
And all the sigh of all the heaven may pass  
Along thy desert floor.

And thou, the newly builded, firmly set,  
Wide-halled, with gleaming porch and peristyle,  
And windows clear to catch the sunlight's dole!  
What shalt thou say, O thou with no regret,  
Proud in thy vigor, but, alas the while,  
Still waiting for thy soul!



## E. NESBIT

72.

### *Experience*

**D**ID you deceive me? Did I trust  
A heart of fire to a heart of dust?  
What matter? since once the world was fair,  
And you gave me the rose of the world to wear.

That was the time to live for! Flowers,  
Sunshine and starshine and magic hours,  
Summer about me, Heaven above,  
And all seemed immortal, even Love.

The mortal rose of your love was worth  
The pains of death and the pains of birth;  
And the thorns may be sharper than death, who  
knows?  
That crowd around the stem of a deathless rose.

## HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

73.

### *Storm at Sea*

**N**IGHT, hot and breathless; sails that flap, and  
spars  
Creaking like souls in an uneasy sleep;  
The weary writhings of the windless deep;  
Above, the dying fires of the stars,  
Which one by one go out behind the pall  
Slow rising from the shadowy northern wall.

A sudden gust, the snap of ropes pulled tight,  
The ship's quick heeling to the northern blast,  
A lull,—then other gusts that follow fast,  
And we go driving madly through the night,  
Blackness above, black water at the rail,  
Blackness ahead, and on our heels the gale.

## HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

No light except the binnacle's white stare,  
No human voice, nought but the steady crash  
Of breaking seas, that wind-flung come to lash  
The steersman's face; and howling everywhere,  
Through quivering shrouds, around the topmasts  
stark,

The wind goes hurtling through the echoing dark.

The long-enduring hours go their way  
In a monotony of ceaseless motion,  
Till a sad grayness shows the whirling ocean  
Writhing beneath the coming of the day;  
And in each other's faces gaunt and white  
Silent we read the fury of the night.

## RICHARD WARNER BORST

### 74. *Not All the Way*

WITH eyes that time and tears have smitten  
blind,

I pause upon my way and look behind;  
And with an inner sight I seek once more  
The face of her who at the break of day  
Set out with me, but came not all the way.  
And then,—half down a shadowy lane she stands,  
Among the greenery and flowers of yore;  
A red rose, plucked long stemmed, is in her hands,  
And guilelessly she holds the scarlet flower,  
Pressing its perfumed petals to her lips,  
While all about her falls a mottled shower  
Of sunlight through the quivering leaves, that slips  
Into her shining hair and turns each twist  
And plait to gold; while from her rounded wrist

## RICHARD WARNER BORST

Her bonnet dangles on its loose-tied strings.  
Ah, bent am I, and old and blind and gray,—  
More blithe is she than any bird that sings!  
My well beloved, who at break of day,  
Set out with me,—but came not all the way.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

### 75. *Queen Mary at Fotheringay*

WHAT have I gained who gave so much?  
A crown too slippery for my clutch—  
A body misused and a heart abused.

What have I gained for all I spent?

Many a dead man's curse to rue,

Many a lover and not one true,

Many a bribe, though not my due—

Yet I have lived, and am content.

Say that I squandered life—confessed.

Had I been miser of my best,

Today I would be in penury

Even as now, a fool betrayed.

The crown of stars and the nether flame

Both have I proved in the teeth of blame.

Have not the years in pride and shame

Given the worth of all I paid?

The course I chose was the course I kept;

In the face of doom like a flame I leapt.

Bitter and sweet have I known complete—

One adventure is left to try.

Life I have finished, mire to throne—

Here at life's end I stand alone.

Headsman, warder of worlds unknown,

Show me now what it means to die!

## LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

76.

### *Whither Away*

THIS is the road that you all must take.  
Whither away so far?

Seek what you will, and your heart shall ache,  
A glow-worm or a star.  
After it all but a swirling wake  
Across the harbor bar.

These are the things that you all have planned,  
Whether to make or mar,  
Love and the touch of a kindred hand,  
Fame and the conqueror's car.  
After it all but your boat unmanned  
Across the harbor bar.

This is the thing that you all must know,  
Travel you near or far;  
Yours are the moments before they go,  
Which shall be, not which are.  
After it all but the lights burnt low  
Across the harbor bar.

## ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD

77.

### *The Fairy Tree*

THE birch tree throws a scarf of green  
Around her silver white,  
Woven of little polished leaves  
All delicate and bright,  
It sways with every passing air  
And shimmers in the light.

## ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD

Oh, like a Dryad nymph she stands  
The birch tree, silver white!  
And all day long that flowing veil  
Trembles for my delight.  
She stirs it as she moves in it  
As a young maiden might.

And is she then a tree at all  
My birch, all silver white?  
Clothed in a robe of little leaves,  
Alive with wind and light,  
And standing by the fairy ring,  
With queenly slender height?

In truth I think she is a fay  
The birch tree, silver white,  
Bound by a spell the long bright day  
But free again at night,  
And she knows all the woodland ways  
Under the gray moonlight.

## JOYCE KILMER

78.

### *Folly*

WHAT distant mountains thrill and glow  
Beneath our Lady Folly's tread?  
Why has she left us, wise and woe,  
Shrewd, practical, uncomforted?  
We cannot love or dream or sing,  
We are too cynical to pray,  
There is no joy in anything  
Since Lady Folly went away.

Many a knight and gentle maid,  
Whose glory shines from years gone by,  
Through ignorance was unafraid  
And as a fool knew how to die.

## JOYCE KILMER

Saint Folly rode beside Jehanne  
And broke the ranks of Hell with her,  
And Folly's smile shone brightly on  
Christ's plaything, Brother Juniper.

Our minds are troubled and defiled  
By study in a weary school.  
Oh for the folly of the child!  
The ready courage of the fool!  
Lord, crush our knowledge utterly  
And make us humble, simple men;  
And cleansed of wisdom, let us see  
Our Lady Folly's face again.

## HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

79.

### *Tarpaulin Cove*

THE wind has fallen with the sun, and now  
Only its faintest murmur moves the air;  
The tiny ripples whisper at the bow  
So quietly we scarce can hear them there.  
The silent sea breathes slowly in its sleep;  
Only the stars are waking, and they lie  
Immeasurably distant in the deep  
Unfathomable silence of the sky.

And so we creep to harbor, very still  
Amid the sleeping stillness of the world,  
To where the schooners lie beneath the hill,  
Swaying in peace, with heavy mainsails furled.

We glide among them like a new-come ghost,  
Shatter the stillness with our anchor-chain,  
Set riding-lights like sentries at their post,  
And sleep until the morning comes again.

## BADGER CLARK

80.

### *On the Drive*

O H, days whoop by with swingin' lope  
And days slip by a-sleepin',  
And days must drag, with lazy rope,  
Along the trail a-creepin'.  
Heeya-a! you cattle, drift away!  
Heeyow! the slow hoofs sift away  
And sunny dust-clouds lift away,  
Along the trail a-creepin'.

My pard may sing of sighin' love  
And I of roarin' battle,  
But all the time we sweat and shove  
And follow up the cattle.  
Heeya-a! the bawlin' crowd of you!  
Heeyow! the draggin' cloud of you!  
We're glad and gay and proud of you,  
We men that follow cattle!

But all the world's a movin' herd  
Where men drift on together,  
And some may spur and some are spurred,  
But most are horns and leather!  
Heeya-a! the rider sings along,  
Heeyow! the reined hawse swings along  
And drifts and drags and flings along  
The mob of horns and leather.

The outlaws fight to break away;  
The weak and lame are crawlin',  
But only dead ones quit the play,  
The dust-cloud and the bawlin'.  
Heeya-a! it's grief and strife to us;  
Heeyow! it's child and wife to us;  
By leap or limp, it's life to us!  
The dust-cloud and the bawlin'.

## BADGER CLARK

Some dream ahead to pastures green,  
Some stare ahead to slaughter,  
But, anyway, night drops between  
And brings us rest and water.  
Heeya-a! you cattle, drift away!  
Heeyow! the dust-clouds lift away;  
The glarin' miles will shift away  
And leave us rest and water.

## M. E. BÜHLER

### 81. *As in the Beginning*

S AID the Mother of all Living to the Mother of the  
Dead,

"Thy place is mine, O Lilith, and thou and thine are  
fled!

Thy salt, salt tears may dew the sea until thine eyes  
are dim,

But Adam's God hath made in me a helpmeet unto him.  
Thy Children of the Air and Mist are buried in the Sea,  
But mine shall walk the living Earth and mock at thine  
and thee!"

Said Adam's love to Adam's wife, "I come again, O Eve!  
Though buried in the deathless deeps, lo, I and mine may  
grieve!

For he was mine and I was his ere thou to him wast wed,  
And mine and his shall reign again when the Sea gives  
up its Dead!"



## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

82.

### *In Cool, Green Haunts*

A SWEET, deep sense of mystery filled the wood.  
A star, like that which woke o'er Bethlehem,  
Shone on the still pool's brow for diadem—  
The first to fall of summer's multitude!

In cool, green haunts, where, haply, Robin Hood  
Ranged royally, of old, with all his train,  
A hushed expectance, such as augurs rain,  
Enthralled me and possessed me where I stood.

Then came the wind, with low word as he went;  
The quick wren, swift repeating what he said;  
A chattering chipmunk lured me on and led

Where scented brakes 'neath some wee burden bent:—  
One look—'twas this those wild things yearned to say:  
"A little brown-eyed fawn was born today!"

## JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

83.

### *In the Cornfield*

AS I was hoeing a hill of corn,  
Thinking of nought but weeds and sand,  
Suddenly on my arm I felt  
The touch of a ghostly hand.

I looked not up, but I saw it all,  
How the sun flashed hot through the bound-  
less blue.

The firm earth rocked beneath my feet  
As he followed his orbit through.

And I laughed out loud in the blazing sun  
To think that ever I was born  
To feel that hand upon my arm  
And work among the corn!

# AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

84.

## *Lie-Awake Songs*

### I

**O**FTEN when awake I lie  
Listening to the clock go round  
Hours and hours, I wonder why  
My brother sleeps so sound.

### II

The city is so kind to me;  
It stays awake for company—  
It never sleeps at all.  
Its lamps are always burning bright  
From when my mother says goodnight  
Until the milkmen call.

The street is always full of wheels,  
Horse-carriages and aut'mobiles—  
The whole night long they pass,  
Carrying home to marble halls  
Princesses that have been to balls  
In little shoes of glass.

Then there's the dog across the way—  
He must be dreaming of the day  
Or barking at a kitty—  
And people talking as they go. . . .  
I often wonder, do they know  
That I'm awake and like them so,  
Or is it just—the city?

### III

God has a house three streets away,  
And every Sunday, rain or shine,  
My nurse goes there her prayers to say.  
She told me of the candles fine  
That burning all night long they keep  
Because God never goes to sleep.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

And there's a steeple full of bells—  
All through the dark the time it tells.  
I often hear it in the night  
And think about those candles bright.  
I wonder if God stays awake  
For kindness, like the furnace man  
Who comes before it's day, to make  
Our house as pleasant as he can.  
I like to watch the sky grow blue,  
And think perhaps the whole world through  
Everyone's sleeping but us three,  
God and the furnace man and me.

### IV

Out in the street there is a light  
That through my window throws at night  
The shadow of a pine-tree on the wall.  
And while I see it nod and play  
And dance in such a jolly way,  
It isn't hard to lie awake at all.  
  
I wish there were a friendly tree  
To keep the children company  
That in the city have to lie awake.  
I think their mothers ought to fix  
Window-box vines that climb on sticks—  
What pleasant little shadows they would make!

### V

Raining, raining,  
All night long.  
Sometimes loud, sometimes soft,  
Just like a song.

There'll be rivers in the gutters  
And lakes along the street.  
It will make our lazy kitty  
Wash his dirty little feet.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

The roses will wear diamonds  
Like kings and queens at court—  
But the pansies all get muddy  
Because they are so short.

I'll sail my boat tomorrow  
In wonderful new places,  
But first I'll take my watering-pot  
And wash the pansies' faces.

### VI

The apples dropping from the tree  
Make such a heavy bump at night,  
I always am surprised to see  
They are so little, when it's light.

And all the dark just sings and sings  
So loud, I cannot think at all  
How frogs and crickets and such things  
That make the noise, can be so small.

And my own room seems bigger, too—  
Corners so dark and far away. . . .  
I wonder if things really do  
Grow up at night and shrink by day?

For I dream sometimes—just as clear!  
I'm bigger than the biggest men.  
Then Mother says, "Wake up, my dear—"  
And I'm a little boy again.

## RICHARD BURTON

85.

### *Vigil*

WHY should it irk me, the night,  
After the day that is done?  
Stars, making distant delight,  
Dew-pools, instead of the sun?

Soft, cool winds, and the scent  
Of gardens, silent and sweet;  
Why should I lack of content,  
Joys like to these at my feet?

Ah, but the hours are long  
Ere I may haste from afar,  
Seeking your face like a song,  
Seeking your soul like a star!

Winds, waters, skies, be my friend,  
Grant me swift sleep, and to wake  
Swiftly, my waiting at end,—  
Dearest, be mine with daybreak!

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

86.

### *The Return*

EACH April night, when winds will not be still,  
I hark the Old Years gathering at the gate—  
Those hordes with whom 'tis neither soon nor late—  
Like dead come back from slumber on the hill.  
I listen—how they haunt each sunken sill;  
And how they beat at ancient doors in vain!  
And oh their tears!—like sudden April rain,  
Whose brimming urns the lawny hollows fill.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

I know that it is so (in truth they come!):

For on the gravel ways and in the grass—

Wherever they may pause or lightly pass—

I see, 'mid snows of apple-bough and plum,

Pale plumes of lilac scattered, when I wake—

Flowers they have strewn for sweet remembrance sake.

## MADISON CAWEIN

87.

### *The Speckled Trout*

WITH rod and line I took my way  
That led me through the gossip trees,  
Where all the forest was asway  
With hurry of the running breeze.

I took my hat off to a flower  
That nodded welcome as I passed;  
And, pelted by a morning shower,  
Unto its heart a bee held fast.

A head of gold one great weed tossed,  
And leaned to look when I went by;  
And where the brook the roadway crossed  
The daisy kept on me its eye.

And when I stooped to bathe my face,  
And seat me at a great tree's foot,  
I heard the stream say, "Mark the place:  
And undermine it rock and root."

And o'er the whirling water there  
A dragonfly its shuttle plied,  
Where wild a fern let down its hair,  
And leaned to see the water's pride—

## MADISON CAWEIN

A speckled trout. The spotted elf,  
Whom I had come so far to see,  
Stretched out above a rocky shelf,  
A shadow sleeping mockingly.

\* \* \* \*

And I have sat here half the day  
Regarding it. It has not stirred.  
I heard the running water say—  
“He does not know the magic word.

“The word that changes everything,  
And brings all Nature to his hand:  
That makes of this great trout a king,  
And opes the way to Faeryland.”

## ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

### 88. *Wind at Night*

A THIN voice in the darkness all night long,  
I hear the young west wind, the lover's wind;  
No tumult in its voice, nor any song,  
But pitiful, but strange and lost and blind.  
If I should once unhasp the chamber door,  
Set on the moonlit paths my naked feet,  
Oh, then, no more a mendicant and poor,  
But like a strong man, with wide wings that beat

The air, the midnight air, to rosy light,  
The great, triumphant western wind would throng  
To bear me to my lover through the night.  
I hear it, like a child, so weak and slight,  
A thin voice in the darkness, all night long.

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

89.

### *Medieval*

SHE said: "My babe is dead:  
Unchristened did he die.  
I wake in the long, lone night  
And hear his plaintive cry.

"I wonder does God hear,  
And will not let him in—  
My little one who died  
All innocent of sin?

"The wicked, who repent,  
Win heaven, so men say;  
And was my bonny child  
Less dear to Him than they?

"There's not a soul in bliss,  
Rejoicing in God's Son,  
That's purer or more sweet  
Than was my little one!

"Lowly, at Mary's shrine  
Before the dawn of day  
I kneel, for him to plead  
Who was too small to pray!

"Ah, mother blessèd! bring  
My babe to know the light!  
Or, pitying, win for me  
With him to roam the night!"



## KENNETH RAND

### 90. *The Blind Gypsy*

**M**Y world is girt with a rampart of wonder and shadow,

Sunless I wander, forlorn, on the barrens of Time  
and Space—

With only the scent of the sun on the heather, the song  
o'er the meadow,

The dust of the highway warm on my feet, and the  
wind in my face.

The roads that I knew are the paths of an infinite terror,  
Treacherous, threading morasses of peril, abysses  
of night;

And only the feel of the wind and the heat, in my mazes  
of error,

To whisper of dawn or of noon, and the dear lost  
rapture of light.

Yet, with the sun and the breeze and the dust on the  
highway,

Only, O Lord, to feel!—and I cling to thy garment's  
fold—

And the snapping of fires that I may not see, by the  
hedge in the byway,

Is the crackle of flame-new stars, and the clangor  
of gates of gold.

## RICHARD BURTON

### 91. *Garden Closes*

**E**ARTH buffets and harasses  
Her children, day by day;  
Pricked on by harsh endeavor,  
Debarred of prayer and play,

## RICHARD BURTON

Chasing a Shade forever,  
Man fares by perilous passes,  
Till he be bent and gray.

But Life,—how deep the kindness  
That saves us from despair!  
Hath eke her garden closes  
Where all is calm and fair;  
Some place of rest and roses  
Where man puts off his blindness  
Of canker and of care.

There music sounds, clear-hearted,  
And star-eyed women smile,  
There friends, estranged in seeming,  
Forget their former guile;  
Above, to help the dreaming,  
The clouds are soft parted  
By warm, sweet moons the while.

Into this sacred haven  
Of health and happy lure,  
Come marred and haunted faces  
To taste a pleasure pure;  
In this most dear of places  
What word or wish is craven  
These walls may not immure.

So, frayed upon sharp edges  
Of knives that cut full deep,  
Our own lost souls pursuing,  
We may thereafter creep  
Away from sordid doing,  
Behind these holy hedges  
For solace and for sleep.

## RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

92.

### *The Guardian Deep*

THE past is like the sea, for both do hold  
Our sunken treasure, all our ships gone down.  
The riches men take with them when they drown,  
Jasper and jade and ivory, coins untold,  
The sea's green depths forever shall enfold,  
While to and fro the sands wash, fine and brown,  
Discovering, covering torque and ring and crown.  
We see, yet may not reach, their gleaming gold.  
Even so that other, widest of the seas  
Receives our treasure—faces, memories, days,  
And silenced voices—and, though over these  
Our daily life its slow deposit lays  
Of shifting thought, they shall be guarded fast,  
Yet irrecoverable, in our past.

## RICHARD BURTON

93.

### *Christmas Downtown*

THE sleepless leave their lair, the sun begins  
To charge the clouds with glory, and the bells  
Sound forth above the city and its sins;  
Hear, how the sudden music wells and swells!  
The sullen folk go forth in quest of bread,  
Crime knows not holiday, nor hunger bliss.  
Behold the living who are worse than dead,  
Our fellow mortals who have come to this!  
Are there good tidings for the out-of-work,  
Or is the gladness but a mockery  
To make more bitter vagrant, crook and shirk  
And light o' love,—the slaves who think them free?

## RICHARD BURTON

Lurks there deep down beneath the sodden scene  
Some miracle shall flood the dark with light,  
Some image of a joy that once has been,  
Some pledge to make the errant heart go right?

The tattered legion of the luckless, lost,  
Yea, all the confraternity of knaves,  
Surely, for such He came,—else all the cost,  
The gauds and gifts be barren as their graves.

His gift is love; His day a symbol sweet  
To hint the heaven that seems so far from earth.  
Drawn by that bond must saint and sinner meet  
Within the radiance of the Stainless Birth.

Christmas shall ne'er be Christmas, till the hour  
When every breathing thing may humbly learn  
The clasp of comrades, pluck the fadeless flower  
Of sacrifice, and toward some brother yearn.

Prate not of giving that is for the day;  
Kindness is not computed by a sum;  
The lore of Christ is here, not far away,  
Out of the heart the holy wish must come.

Hark to the words: "To me a child is born."  
It rings and sings, and rises once again,  
Clear o'er the wailing of the wan, white morn,  
The immemorial cry, "Good will to men!"

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

94.

### *Petruchio's Wife*

**A**Y, go your ways, my lord. Look where he struts  
And ruffles it along the sunny street!

His doublet's broken at the seam again—  
I'll look to it when he comes home. He's worse  
Than any wanton youngling on his gear.  
A gallant bearing—he is well worth ten  
Of my fair sister's pretty mummer. Bah!  
Playing the schoolmaster to win a bride  
He might have had by knocking at the door  
And shaking a fat purse! Petruchio  
Measures more nearly to a man's degree;  
Yet he is but a boy, an o'er-grown boy.  
Was ever man so easily deceived?  
What, did he think that he could master me  
By wearying my body, starving it,  
Shaming it with vile raiment? Bless the fool!  
And yet I swear I did not bless him then—  
I could have slain him, rather; but I thought,  
"Kate, thou art married; make the best of it.  
Thou hadst been wiser to lead apes in hell,  
But since thy cup of folly has been poured,  
Drink it off smiling. He shall pay anon."  
There at Bianca's feast, when he would show  
His power so braggartly, I had well-nigh  
Defied him to his face,—but I recalled  
Hortensio's fine madam, and her taunt.  
"What other way to sting so well," thought I,  
"As show myself the model, her the shrew?"  
Eh, did I sweetly play the pattern wife?  
Ask of Petruchio's purse, where merrily  
His fellow-bridegroom's golden forfeits clinked—  
(Until he spent the better part of them  
Upon a cap richer an hundredfold  
Than that I spurned to please him!) Am I tamed?

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Thus much, perhaps . . . that now I play my part  
Not bitterly, but laughing in a sleeve  
Which now is fashioned to my own desire,  
I praying his approval; and instead  
Of anger at his boastful boyishness  
Is something, neither pity nor yet love—  
The child of both, perchance.

I used to think  
That when I held the larder keys, himself  
Should fast some day, to pay that fast of mine.  
But when the time came, I no longer cared  
For little vengeance on a little wrong.  
And so I feed him well, and speak him fair,  
And keep him bravely clad, and when he meets  
His friends, he vaunts the merits of his wife,  
While they all marvel at the mastered shrew!  
Look—he comes home—he's never long away.  
How boyish-gay he waves an eager hand,  
Seeing me waiting at the window here!  
God rest thee, merry, good Petruchio;  
How I could love thee . . . wert thou more a man!  
*My excellent dear lord! Art thou returned?*  
*Then is the day grown bright for Katharine!*

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

### 95. *Battle-Song of Failure*

WE strain toward Heaven and lay hold on Hell;  
With starward eyes we stumble in hard ways,  
And to the moments when we see life well  
Succeeds the blindness of bewildered days,—  
But what of that? Into the sullen flesh  
Our souls drive home the spur with splendid sting.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Bleeding and soiled, we gird ourselves afresh.  
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

The loveless greed the centuries have stored  
In marshy foulness traps our faltering feet.  
The sins of men whom punishment ignored  
Like fever in our weakened pulses beat;  
But what of that? The shame is not to fail,  
Nor is the victor's laurel everything.  
To fight until we fall is to prevail.  
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

Yea, cast our lives into the ancient slough,  
And fall we shouting, with uplifted face.  
Over the spot where mired we struggle now  
Shall march in triumph a transfigured race.  
They shall exult where weary we have wept—  
They shall achieve where we have striven in vain—  
Leaping in vigor where we faintly crept,  
Joyous along the road we paved with pain.  
What though we seem to sink in the morass?  
Under those unborn feet our dust shall sing,  
When o'er our failure perfect shall they pass.  
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

## JOYCE KILMER

96.

*St. Alexis*

(Patron of Beggars)

WE who beg for bread as we daily tread  
Country lane and city street,  
Let us kneel and pray on the broad highway  
To the saint with the vagrant feet.

## JOYCE KILMER

Our altar light is a buttercup bright,  
And our shrine is a bank of sod,  
But still we share St. Alexis' care,  
The Vagabond of God!

They gave him a home in purple Rome  
And a princess for his bride,  
But he rowed away on his wedding day  
Down the Tiber's rushing tide.  
And he came to land on the Asian strand  
Where the heathen people dwell;  
As a beggar he strayed and he preached and prayed,  
And he saved their souls from hell.

Bowed with years and pain he came back again  
To his father's dwelling place.  
There was none to see who this tramp might be,  
For they knew not his bearded face.  
But his father said, "Give him drink and bread  
And a couch underneath the stair."  
So Alexis crept to his hole and slept.  
But he might not linger there.

For when night came down on the seven-hilled town,  
And the emperor hurried in,  
Saying, "Lo, I hear that a saint is near  
Who will cleanse us of our sin,"  
Then they looked in vain where the saint had lain,  
For his soul had fled afar,  
From his fleshly home he had gone to roam  
Where the gold-paved highways are.

We who beg for bread as we daily tread  
Country lane and city street,  
Let us kneel and pray on the broad highway  
To the saint with the vagrant feet.



## JOYCE KILMER

Our altar light is a buttercup bright,  
And our shrine is a bank of sod,  
But still we share St. Alexis' care,  
The Vagabond of God!

## M. E. BÜHLER

97.

### *On the Housetop*

SERENE at sunset on the roof  
I watch the daylight passing by;  
The cares of earth have sunk abashed  
Beneath the perfect sky.

All sounds have mingled into one  
Deep rhythmic murmur, far, subdued,  
As if the city's pulsing heart  
Beat in the solitude.

Beyond the level roofs a sail  
Creeps slowly over sunset seas;  
A mist is on the evening hills,  
And night amid the trees.

Far overhead a homing bird  
Flies dark against the changing sky,  
Now lost in cloud, now plunged in fire  
Where lakes of sunlight lie.

Half shrouded in the harbor mists  
Earth lights come twinkling into view;  
As one by one majestic stars  
The fields of heaven strew.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

98.

*November*

**H**ARK you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,  
As kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones;  
The old will feel the weight of mossy stones;  
The young alone will laugh and scoff at fear.  
It is the tread of armies marching near,  
From scarlet lands to lands forever pale;  
It is a bugle dying down the gale;  
It is the sudden gushing of a tear.  
And it is hands that grope at ghostly doors;  
And romp of spirit children on the pave;  
It is the tender sighing of the brave  
Who fell, ah! long ago, in futile wars;  
It is such sound as death; and, after all,  
'Tis but the forest letting dead leaves fall.

## BADGER CLARK

99.

*The Coyote*

**T**RAILING the last gleam after  
In the valleys emptied of light,  
Ripples a whimsical laughter  
Under the wings of the night.  
Mocking the faded west airily,  
Meeting the little bats merrily,  
Over the mesas it shrills  
To the red moon on the hills.

Mournfully rising and waning,  
Far through the moon-silvered land  
Wails a weird voice of complaining  
Over the thorns and the sand.

## BADGER CLARK

Out of blue silences eerily,  
On to the black mountains wearily,  
Till the dim desert is crossed,  
Wanders the cry, and is lost.

Here by the fire's ruddy streamers,  
Tired with our hopes and our fears,  
We inarticulate dreamers  
Hark to the song of our years.  
Up to the brooding divinity  
Far in that sparkling infinity  
Cry our despair and delight,  
Voice of the desert night!

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

100.                   *The Ancient Sacrifice*

YE dead and gone great armies of the world,  
Sweet gleam the fields where ye were used to pass,  
With Death for leader, legioned like the grass,  
Day after day by dews of morning pearled.

Ye dead and gone great armies, ye were hurled  
'Gainst other armies, great and dead and gone,  
In awful dark: ye died before the dawn,  
Ne'er knowing how your flags in peace are furled!

Ye are the tall fair forests that were felled  
To build a pyre for strife that it might cease;  
Ye are the white lambs slaughtered to bring peace;

Ye are the sweet ships sunk that storm be quelled;  
And ye are lilies plucked and set like stars  
About the blood-stained shrine of bygone wars!

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

101.

### *The Child in Black*

OUT in the street the children play;  
They shout and laugh till I come by,  
Then they are still and go away—  
I wonder why.

And grown-up people's faces too—  
Until they see me, they are glad.  
I wonder what it is I do  
That turns them sad.

And father—when he looks at me,  
He is sad too, and though he tries  
To wink them back, I always see  
Tears in his eyes.

Nobody looks at me the same  
Since mother went to heaven to stay.  
Do they think I am to blame  
For sending her away?

## WITTER BYNNER

102.

### *Winner of Second*

LOOK me in the face, lad,  
Give me your hand to shake!  
I saw you run your race, lad,  
And I saw the sudden break  
Bring hot upon your forehead  
The anger asking why;  
And there were more who saw it,  
Others as well as I.

## WITTER BYNNER

We cried aloud our protest,  
We crowded round the track;  
But the judges had not noticed  
His arm that swung you back.  
Although that's what they're for, lad,  
To spy a fault or foul,  
We liked you all the more, lad,  
For swiftness of your soul.

You heard the winner's statement  
And silently you backed  
His word without abatement  
Of your knowledge of the fact.  
But, lad, the dust shall thicken  
On a forgotten prize,  
And victory shall quicken  
In your remembered eyes!

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

103.

### *Jewel-Weed*

THOU lonely, dew-wet mountain road,  
Traversed by toiling feet each day,  
What rare enchantment maketh thee  
Appear so gay?

Thy sentinels, on either hand  
Rise tamarack, birch and balsam-fir,  
O'er the familiar shrubs that greet  
The wayfarer;

But here's a magic cometh new—  
A joy to gladden thee, indeed:  
This passionate out-flowering of  
The jewel-weed,

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

That now, when days are growing drear,  
As summer dreams that she is old,  
Hangs out a myriad pleasure-bells  
Of mottled gold!

Thine only, these, thou lonely road!  
Though hands that take, and naught restore,  
Rob thee of other treasured things,  
Thine these are, for

A fairy, cradled in each bloom,  
To all who pass the charmed spot  
Whispers in warning:—"Friend, admire,—  
But touch me not!

"Leave me to blossom where I sprung,  
A joy untarnished shall I seem;  
Pluck me, and you dispel the charm  
And blur the dream!"

## MADISON CAWEIN

### 104. *At the End of the Road*

THIS is the truth as I see it, my dear,  
Out in the wind and the rain:  
They who have nothing have little to fear,—  
Nothing to lose or to gain.  
Here by the road at the end o' the year,  
Let us sit down and drink of our beer,  
Happy-Go-Lucky and her Cavalier,  
Out in the wind and the rain.

Now we are old, hey, isn't it fine,  
Out in the wind and the rain?  
Now we have nothing, why snivel and whine?  
What would it bring us again?

## MADISON CAWEIN

When I was young I took you like wine,  
Held you and kissed you and thought you divine—  
Happy-Go-Lucky, the habit's still mine,  
Out in the wind and the rain.

Oh, my old Heart, what a life we have led,  
Out in the wind and the rain!  
How we have drunken and how we have fed!  
Nothing to lose or to gain.  
Cover the fire now; get we to bed.  
Long is the journey and far has it led.  
Come, let us sleep, lass, sleep like the dead,  
Out in the wind and the rain.

## STOKELY S. FISHER

### 105. *A Song of the Sunset*

**O** WIND from the golden prairie, sweet from the  
billyow lea  
Where the orb'd sun floats at setting like sunset  
on the sea,  
A fragrance, not of the flowers, is shaken from your  
wings;  
In my breast a glow,  
A burning, not of the sun, at touch of your kisses  
springs;  
And voices, not for the ear, a spirit in me can hear.  
Far voices I know!  
O tumbling ocean of light, O waves from the westward  
rolled!  
From islands of desire in regions known of old,  
From immortal years of hope in the charmed world of  
the child,  
Returns the tide

## STOKELY S. FISHER

With the spell of a pristine time when life was free and  
wild;

And I fly away, away down the vistas of yesterday  
Where dreams abide!

Illusion the wonder-wrought progress! My heart to the  
past is true,

And vision only is real, and only the vanished I view!  
The wraiths of mother's flowers coax me back, enchanted,  
To the home she made

In the cabin beside the trail, embowered in vines she  
planted;

Her roses and mignonette, I feel them blooming yet—  
They cannot fade!

Our home, a little isle in a limitless ocean of grass!  
Now over my soul again the silencing shadows pass  
That fell in the lonesome gloaming,—the sorrow so sol-  
emnly sweet,

The awe thereof!

How we nestled, like huddling birds, about our mother's  
feet!

But we never wished to roam: our world was small as  
home,

As large as love!

We dwelt in wonderland, and caught the secrets known  
To fairy creatures with wings, and from timid blossoms  
blown;

We knew the hearts of wild things, frank nature our  
only book!—

Oh we were free—

In my heart is a hungry pang as out o'er the plain I look!  
But the cabin has crumbled down, and the old trail leads  
to a town

Where it used to be!



## JAMES NORMAN HALL

106.

### *Charwomen*

THERE is a building on a city square  
That soars in marble to a golden dome;  
A temple reared to Pleasure, and her home.  
Thither, at night, her votaries repair  
To worship her in wine and dainty fare.  
Laughter and lights and music dance and foam  
Upon the liquid hours till day be come,  
Driving them like thin vapors into air.  
  
Then do these others, creeping on all fours,  
Do Pleasure's drudge-work when herself hath fled.  
To them her palace nothing is but floors  
And staircases, all soilure with her tread.  
They crawl through empty rooms and corridors,  
Gathering broken meats and crusts of bread.

## RICHARD BURTON

107.

### *The Symbol*

WHAT is the symbol underneath it all,  
The secret message of the throb of things:  
The flower tossings and the whirl of wings,  
The glow and scent when June makes carnival?  
'Tis like a sweet lost word of some old speech  
Man has forgotten yet can almost reach.

Listen! The sap doth murmur it, the rain  
Chants it in sibilant monotone, the breeze  
Lifting a voice among the fluttered trees,  
Takes up the song, repeats it once again;  
And all the movement in the summer grass  
Seems pulsing to express it ere it pass.

## RICHARD BURTON

Ever and alway, iterant and low,  
The whisper and the hint, the half untold  
Suggestion that is as the ages old,  
Yet fresh-faced now as in the long ago:  
"Seek, ye shall find, for you and I are one,  
Bound each to other since the years begun.

"You hear the call of kinship in my voice,  
My very breathing makes me part of you;  
The gifts I offer are a residue  
Of your inheritance and natural choice;  
Man is not man who hath not eye to see  
My luminous gloss on Nature's mystery.

"Rich-linguaged, fraught with memories and  
dreams,  
I lure you back in sacred moments when  
You learn, oblivious to the lore of men,  
The lesson of the forests, fields and streams;  
Deep at my heart, deeper than all my mirth,  
The long-withholden meaning of the earth."

In syllables of beauty, yea, with words  
That move like music through the summer ways,  
Nature doth speak, and in her every phrase,—  
The choiring rivers and the lyric birds,—  
She draws us from false gods, and our release  
Is certified by joy and love and peace.

## JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

108.

### *The White Flag*

WHOE'ER you be at whom in youthful scorn  
My tongue has loosed the poisoned jibe,  
A truce I crave!  
Even though, beneath an alien planet born,  
You could not every article subscribe  
Of my peculiar creed.

How swift for both the desperate minutes speed  
That bear us to a common grave  
Without reprieve!  
How steep the climb, and how profusely bleed  
Your feet and mine along the heights we brave  
For love of life and art!

For longer strife I have not strength nor heart;  
For misdirected blows I grieve.  
I hold my creed;  
But, as I crave indulgence on your part,  
That you have meant your best I must believe,  
And wish us both, God-speed!

## MADISON CAWEIN

109.

### *The Closed Book*

SHUT it out of the heart—this grief,  
O Love, with the years grown old and hoary!  
And let in joy that life is brief,  
And give God thanks for the end of the story.  
The bond of the flesh is transitory,  
And beauty goes with the lapse of years—  
The brow's white rose and the hair's dark glory—  
God be thanked for the severing shears!

## MADISON CAWEIN

Over the past, Heart, waste no tears!  
Over the past and all its madness,  
Its wine and wormwood, hopes and fears—  
They never were worth a moment's sadness.  
Here she lies who was part of its gladness,  
Wife and mistress, and shared its woe,  
The good of life as well as its badness—  
Look on her face and see if you know.

Is this the face—yea, ask it slow—  
The hair, the form, we used to cherish?  
Where is the glory of long-ago?  
The beauty we said would never perish.  
Like a dream we dream, or a thought we nourish,  
Nothing of earth immortal is:  
This is the end however we flourish—  
All that is fair must come to this.

## RICHARD BURTON

110.

### *Idols*

THEY made them idols in the elder days,  
Idols and images of brass and stone,  
To bow before their semblance,—when the praise  
Should go, O God, to Thee and Thee alone.

Yet who shall say how much of tender trust,  
Of deep-heart adoration and desire  
Was hid behind these symbols of the dust  
That rose like smoke to dim the central fire?

How often in those heathen hearts, indeed,  
Ardent and upwardly there must have burned  
A flame of worship, an imperious need  
To clasp and kiss the thing toward which they  
yearned!

## RICHARD BURTON

Midst of the mystic Orient today,  
Far to the North, or where the great South Seas  
Circle the islands, gather still to pray  
The myriad folk whose faith is like to these.

Rebuke them not: even as a root at birth  
Feels upward to the light, these simple men  
Foredream the flower, and darkly from the earth  
Salute a Mystery beyond their ken.

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

### 111. *Christmas Night in Belgium*

WHERE are the Shepherds who watch the flocks?  
The sheep are all astray;  
The night is dark, the Wise Men far,  
No sign there is of the Ancient Star;  
Where are the Shepherds, pray?

The Shepherds lie stretched upon the ground,  
And very still are they.  
The Mothers call, the Babies cry,  
The Angels gaze from the silent sky  
And weeping turn away.

Where do the tears of the Angels fall?  
They fall on the hearts of men.  
Oh, smitten Babe on Belgium's knee,  
The Nations run with their gifts for thee,  
And dream of Peace again.

HE passed along our village street;  
 The fame of him had gone before.  
 They came in crowds on whispering feet  
 To mock or marvel or appeal.  
 I caught my child from where he lay  
 And stood expectant in the door,—  
 Many the sick he healed that day,  
 But mine he did not heal.

He paused before us where we stood,  
 And looked into my boy's blue eyes—  
 Those eyes of tortured babyhood  
 Reproaching life with mute surprise!  
 It would have taken but a word  
 From him, to make our way so clear,—  
 Many the prayers that day he heard,  
 But mine he did not hear.

Yet this he did—his head he bent  
 And kissed my boy upon the cheek;  
 He turned upon me as he went  
 Eyes that were terrible with tears.  
 Silent, I shrank before the deeps  
 Of mysteries too great to speak,—  
 But oh, my patient child who creeps  
 Along his crippled years!

## STEPHEN PHILLIPS

113.

### *Women and War*

WOMEN, in war-time yours how hard the task,  
Service from you how difficult we ask!  
Glorious to stand against the leaden hail,  
In the mown war-line not to flinch or fail!  
Splendid the onrush and the charging cheer,  
Yet glorious too to check the coming tear.  
The doubt by night to stifle through the day;  
The deep alarm not outwardly betray.  
O dull expectancy that finds not vent!  
O silent anguish that will not lament!  
O mad uncertainty from dawn to eve!  
O worse to wait than battle to receive!  
Heroes are ye, who but the sob repress,  
Your victory, dumb, is victory no less!

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

114.

### *At a Child's Grave*

HE is but biding here beneath the sod:  
Who moved of old the seasons moves them yet:  
How should he come, in slumber, to forget  
The orphan'd flower and the wondering clod?

With slimmest wildwood lily-stem for rod,  
He rules the forest and the folk thereof:  
A myriad furry liegemen his; in love,  
The pines o'erarch the path where last he trod.

Spring does his bidding still: the brook he knew  
Leaps at a lisp from him, and every bird  
Breaks into rippling rapture at the word

Which mixes with its song as rain with dew.  
June tarries here alert, for well she knows  
His little hands release the prisoned rose.

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

115.

### *Out of Babylon*

AS I stole out of Babylon beyond the stolid warders,  
    (My soul that dwelt in Babylon long, long ago!)  
    The sound of cymbals and of lutes, of viols and  
        recorders,  
    Came up from khan and caravan, loud and low.

As I crept out of Babylon, the clangor and the babel,  
    The strife of life, the haggling in the square and mart,  
Of the men who went in saffron and the men who went  
    in sable,  
    It tore me and it wore me, yea, it wore my heart.

As I fled out of Babylon, the cubits of the towers  
    They seemed in very mockery to bar my way;  
The incense of the altars, and the hanging-garden flowers,  
    They lured me with their glamour, but I would not  
    stay.

We still flee out of Babylon, its vending and its vying,  
    Its crying up to Mammon, its bowing to Baal;  
We still flee out of Babylon, its sobbing and its sighing,  
    Where the strong grow ever stronger, and the weary  
    fail!

We still flee out of Babylon, the feverish, the fretful,  
    That saps the sweetness of the soul and leaves but  
    a rind;

We still flee out of Babylon, and fain would be forgetful  
    Of all within that thrall of wall threatening behind!

Oh, Babylon, oh, Babylon, your toiling and your teeming,  
    Your canyons and your wonder-wealth,—not for such  
    as we!

We who have fled from Babylon contented are with  
    dreaming,—

Dreaming of earth's loveliness, happy to be free!



MARGARET WIDDEMER

116. *The Dead Friend*

A FRIEND of mine is dead at length today,  
(O sooner than I thought she could  
have died!)

And I must go the rest of life's long way  
Without her by my side.

She was so gay, so glad of wind and sun,  
Of mirth, of love, all sweet earth-things  
that shine—

I do not know how living can be done  
Without her hand in mine;

Yet I must smile as if the world was fair,  
I must not veil my eyes or bow my head:  
One may not grieve, or seem to feel or care  
When only Youth is dead.

MADISON CAWEIN

117. *A Ghost of Yesterday*

THERE is a house beside a way,  
Where dwells a ghost of Yesterday:  
The old face of a beauty faded

Looks from its garden: and the shaded  
Long walks of locust-trees, that seem  
Forevermore to sigh and dream,  
Keep whispering low a word, that's true,  
Of shapes that haunt its avenue,  
Clad as in days of belle and beau,  
Who come and go

Around its ancient portico.

At first, in stock and beaver-hat,  
With flitting of the moth and bat,

## MADISON CAWEIN

An old man, leaning on a cane,  
Comes slowly down the locust-lane;  
Looks at the house; then, groping, goes  
Into the garden where the rose  
Still keeps sweet tryst with moth and moon:  
And, humming to himself a tune,—  
“Lorena” or “Ben Bolt,” we’ll say,—  
    Waits, bent and gray,  
For some fair ghost of Yesterday.

The Yesterday that holds his all—  
More real to him than is the wall  
Of mossy stone near which he stands,  
Still reaching out for her his hands—  
For her, the girl, who waits him there,  
A lace-gowned phantom, dark of hair,  
Whose loveliness still keeps those walks,  
And with whose Memory he talks;  
Upon his heart her happy head,—  
    So it is said,—  
The girl, now half a century dead.

## MADISON CAWEIN

118.

### *Stormy Sunset*

THE clouds build black a giant hall,  
Round which the winds like madmen stride;  
Wild voices call from wall to wall,  
And earth is tossed from side to side.

Fury and Madness meet at board  
And sit at feast; anon they rise,  
And thunderous sword smites thunderous sword,  
And each one by the other dies.

## MADISON CAWEIN

Then suddenly a crimson hand  
Hurls wide a window, deep as doom,  
At which a Titan takes his stand,  
Burning within a burning room.

The window slowly closes down  
And leaves a crack at which appear  
Two windy lights that glare and frown,  
And seem the blood-shot eyes of Fear.

The sun is gone; and from the east  
There comes a dripping step and lamp;  
The wind's wild maunderings have ceased;  
The moon looks down on dew and damp.

## GEORGE NORTON NORTHIROP

119.

### *Wisdom*

"Ripeness is all"

I

THE air was keen, the shadows far had fled:  
He stood upon the height, beyond all lore  
Of seers and sages who had gone before:  
He looked upon that region far outspread  
And felt the eager pain, the joyous dread  
Of entering in upon that unknown shore,  
His flaming, dreamed-of hope to journey o'er,  
Reward of all his toil among the dead.

He paused to linger there and, yearning, gazed  
In dear expectancy of that lone quest:  
How speedily with wide acquaintance blest  
He would return to find a world amazed  
At the new wonder-tale of Truth he brought  
From that dim region where no hand had wrought.

## GEORGE NORTON NORTHROP

### II

But as he leaned far out above the vale  
And brushed the dew of gladness from his eyes  
He heard beseeching words and wistful cries  
Whence he had come, borne feebly on the gale,—  
A voice of human need: he could not fail  
To feel its lonely pain, its sad surmise  
And all the vague bewilderments that rise  
To terrify the helpless and the frail.

The dire entreaty of that nameless woe  
Changed the fair scene unto an ashen shore:  
A charnel-house he saw, of waste and bones  
Where golden sands and flowers had been before.  
Turning he sought the homeward way below,  
Sighed not, nor wept, nor knew the bruising stones.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

### 120.           *This Day in Spring*

NOW I am minded of the works of Him—  
His mountains, each in separate pattern cast;  
His gracious plains and prairie-spaces vast,  
Like 'lumined manuscripts age may not dim;  
His hushless winds, like singing seraphim,  
Or like loud organs in cathedrals played;  
His seas stupendous; and His skies arrayed;  
And all the wonders wove of His high whim—  
I marvel in my heart—nay, not that He  
Could mould such might of nothing in an hour,  
And fling for us the sweet flags of the shower—  
But that—and 'tis for it, on reverent knee,  
This day in spring my lips with prayer I fret—  
He still found time to make a violet!

## MARGARET WIDDEMER

121.

### *Youth*

WHEN life has done with laughter and singing,  
And love's no more in rhyme,  
And the world goes dull in my old ears ringing,  
And slow my feet with time,

Then my good gray soul may go seeking and flying  
On high from roads of earth,

When my heart gives over its laughter and crying,  
Its passion and pain and mirth!

But now my heart beats merrily wild,

My feet would dance their fill,

And the heaviest prayers that the white saints piled  
Could never have kept them still—

When I am old and quiet and gray

There's time to be hushed and bow—

I may have a soul in that dim day,

But oh, not now—not now!

## SARA TEASDALE

122.

### *Spring in War-Time*

I FEEL the spring far off, far off,  
The faint, far scent of bud and leaf—  
Oh how can spring take heart to come  
To a world in grief,  
Deep grief?

The sun turns north, the days grow long,

Later the evening star grows bright—

How can the daylight linger on

For men to fight,

Still fight?

## SARA TEASDALE

The grass is waking in the ground,  
Soon it will rise and blow in waves—  
How can it have the heart to sway  
Over the graves,  
New graves?

Under the boughs where lovers walked  
The apple-blooms will shed their breath—  
But what of all the lovers now  
Parted by Death,  
Gray Death?

## MADISON CAWEIN

123.

### *The Old Dreamer*

COME, let's climb into our attic,  
In our house that's old and gray!  
Heart, you're poor and I'm rheumatic,  
And—it's close of day.

Lay aside your rags and tatters,  
Shirts and shoes, so soiled with clay!  
They're no use now. Nothing matters—  
It is close of day.

Let's to bed. It's cold. No fire,  
And no lamp to make a ray.  
Where's our servant, Young Desire?—  
Gone at close of day!

Oft she served us with fine glances,  
Helped us out at work and play:  
She is gone now. Better chances.  
And—it's close of day.

## MADISON CAWEIN

Where is Hope, who flaunted scarlet?  
Hope, who led us oft astray:  
Has she proved herself a harlot  
At the close of day?

What's become of Dream and Vision?—  
Friends we thought were here to stay:  
Has Life clapped the two in prison  
At the close of day?

They are gone; and how we miss them!  
They who made our garret gay:  
How we used to hug and kiss them!—  
But—'tis close of day.

Where's friend Love now?—Who supposes?—  
Has he flung himself away?  
Left us for a wreath of roses  
At the close of day?

And where's Song, the soul-elected?—  
Has he quit us too for aye?  
Was it poverty he suspected  
Near the close of day?

How our attic rang their laughter!  
How it echoed laugh and lay!  
None can take their place hereafter!—  
It is close of day.

We have done the best we could do:  
Come, let's kneel a while and pray.  
Now no matter what we would do,  
It is close of day.

Let's to bed then!—it's December:  
Long enough since it was May!  
Let's forget it;—and remember  
Now 'tis close of day.

## MADISON CAWEIN

124.

### *On the Road*

LET us bid the world good-by!  
Now, while sun and cloud's above us,  
While we've nothing to deny,  
Nothing but ourselves to love us:  
Let us fancy, I and you,  
All the dreams we dreamed came true.

We have gone but half the road,—  
Rugged road of root and boulder;  
Made the best of life's dark load,  
Cares, that helped us to grow older:  
We, my dear, have done our best—  
Let us stop awhile and rest.

Let us by this halfway stile  
Put away the world's desire,  
And sit down, a little while,  
With our hearts, and light a fire:  
Sing the songs that once we sung  
In the days when we were young.

Haply they will bring again,  
From the lands of song and story,  
To our sides the elfin train  
Of the dreams we dreamed of glory,  
That are one now with the crew  
Of the deeds we did not do.

Here upon the road of life  
Let us rest us; take our pleasure;  
Free from care and safe from strife,  
View again our only treasure—  
Love, that helped us on our way,  
Our companion night and day.



## JAMES LEROY STOCKTON

### 125.      *The Admonition of the Hills*

A HILL said to another hill,  
"This is my valley that lies between us";  
But the other hill was vexed.  
"No," it said, "it is my valley";  
And the hills disputed and became more angry;  
And dark storm-clouds gathered above them;  
And the storm broke,  
And shrieked about the crags,  
And descended into the valley,  
And laid it waste.

Then the God of the hills—  
Who is your God and my God—  
Reached out and took one of the hills in the hollow  
of His hand,  
And He put it behind His back.  
Then He whispered to the hill that was left,  
"Behold thee now thy valley";  
And the hill looked and the valley was not.

Then God said to the hill at His back,  
"Look thou now down upon thy valley";  
And the hill looked and the valley was not.

And God returned the hill to its ancient place,  
And, behold, the valley was there again.

And God was silent;  
For He knew that the hills knew  
What He would have said;  
But the hills did not know whether God Himself  
Could remove the scar of the storm which the  
quarrel had brought  
To shriek about the crags,  
And to descend into the valley,  
And to lay it waste.

## WITTER BYNNER

126.

### *To a Phæbe-Bird*

UNDER the eaves, out of the wet,  
You nest within my reach;  
You never sing for me and yet  
You have a golden speech.

You sit and quirk a rapid tail,  
Wrinkle a ragged crest,  
Then pirouette from tree to rail  
And vault from rail to nest.

And when in frequent, witty fright  
You grayly slip and fade,  
And when at hand you re-alight  
Demure and unafraid,

And when you bring your brood its fill  
Of iridescent wings  
And green legs dewy in your bill,  
Your silence is what sings.

Not of a feather that enjoys  
To prate or praise or preach,  
O Phæbe, with your lack of noise,  
What eloquence you teach!

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

127.

### *In War-Time*

(An American homeward bound)

FURTHER and further we leave the scene  
Of war—and of England's care;  
I try to keep my mind serene,—  
But my heart stays there;

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

For a distant song of pain and wrong  
My spirit doth deep confuse,  
And I sit all day on the deck, and long—  
And long for news!

I seem to see them in battle-line—  
Heroes with hearts of gold,  
But of their victory a sign  
The Fates withhold;

And the hours too tardy-footed pass,  
The voiceless hush grows dense  
Mid the imaginings, alas!  
That feed suspense.

Oh, might I lie on the wind, or fly  
In the willful sea-bird's track,  
Would I hurry on, with a homesick cry,—  
Or hasten back?

## ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

### 128. *The Eternal Builder*

ONCE on such an eve as this is,  
Once in just such golden air,  
Tyre and Troy and Babylon  
Soared triumphantly and fair.

Tyre so fallen, Troy turned ashes,  
Babylon superb no more,—  
Splendors dead, alas, the sundowns  
Burnished wondrously of yore.

Ah, but still immortal Beauty  
Seeks new cities to illume,—  
Lo, on yonder roofs and casements  
How her gold flame-roses bloom!

## ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

What if all this rose and amber  
Vanish when the genie Night  
With his dread gaze scowls upon them  
From his ancient Eastern height?

Still on such a golden evening,  
When each turret, wall and spire  
Glows as if no mortal builder  
Tipped and veined its stones with fire,—

Still on such an eve as this is  
Will the olden dream remain—  
That howe'er men's cities perish  
Beauty still will build again.

Fashioned of her dreams eternal,  
Who knows what fair towns arise,  
Lifting now immortal columns  
'Neath what other evening skies?

Nay, on such a golden evening,  
More than fanciful desire  
Seems it that earth's mortal builders  
Deathless Beauty may inspire:

May some day so take their spirits,  
Hands and brain may so enthrall,  
As some perfect grace infuses  
Column, spandril, arch and wall,

Till on such a golden evening,  
None shall sigh to look upon  
Fair new cities and remember  
Tyre and Troy and Babylon.

## STEWART WELLS

129.

### *The Silent Army*

**A**CROSS the wind-swept winter sky  
The great gray clouds go driving by.  
A great gray host sweeps overhead,  
Rank upon rank with measured tread—  
The Silent Army of the Dead.

Upon the shattered, shell-torn town,  
This voiceless multitude looks down.  
Over the sodden, blood-drenched plain  
These grim battalions march again—  
The Deathless Legion of the Slain.

Born on the wailing wind there comes  
The muffled throb of phantom drums,  
And those who maimed and mangled lie  
Hear the dread summons from on high—  
The call to men about to die.

A call to men about to die—  
The wounded soldier's glazing eye  
Beholds the grisly column wait,  
Reads the great lesson all too late  
The needless tragedy of hate.

His weary, war-worn soul he flings  
To join the Host of Homeless Things,  
The ever-moving, restless train,  
The Deathless Legion of the Slain,  
The souls of men who died in vain.

No land is theirs, no flag they know,—  
Shoulder to shoulder, friend and foe.  
Ever their swelling ranks increase,  
Never their groping quest shall cease,  
The hopeless striving after Peace.

## STEWART WELLS

Onward through ages yet to be,  
Onward still to Eternity,  
Leaderless, purposeless, helpless, blind,  
Seeking the goal they shall never find—  
Paying the debt of humankind.

Across the wind-swept winter sky,  
The great gray clouds go driving by.  
A great gray host sweeps overhead,  
Rank upon rank with measured tread—  
The Silent Army of the Dead.

## GRACE HODSDON BOUTELLE

### 130. *Spring at the British Museum*

THE wind is sweet with hovering rain,  
In slanting golden showers  
The sunbeams blow,—what spells invade  
This Hall of Silent Hours?  
Fresh, wandering scents have dared their way  
Past guards and barricade,  
With shy insistence drift and stray,  
Among the books make holiday  
And will not be gainsaid;  
It almost seems they set me free  
To go where I would fain  
Walk hand in hand with Spring and be  
In Warwickshire again.

## GRACE HODSDON BOUTELLE

There in the quickening time of the year  
Broad upland fields lie fair  
In rippling green against the sky,  
And all the limpid air  
Is vibrant with a winged delight;  
There beckoning lanes flit by,  
Still, sun-bathed pastures, streams as bright  
As molten amber, orchards white  
Where bees hum jocundly. . . .

Yea, Master-Poet, we seek in vain  
Who trace and question here,—  
You roam the fields, a boy again,  
With Spring in Warwickshire.

## RICHARD BURTON

### 131. *Desolated Gardens*

THE trampling armies leave discomfited  
How many a garden! Desolate and dead  
The shining flowers whose soul breathed up  
to God

In winsome odors from the quiet sod.

Where the rose laughed, the dark ensanguined mire,  
And where the birds in many a leafy choir  
Greeted the sun, the cannon and the shell  
Have changed an Eden to a shrieking hell.

No lilies left that erst rose tall and white  
Nor tulips proud ablow, nor that fair sight,  
The pansies of the many-winking eyes;  
Ah, blight for bloom and rain for tranquil skies!

## RICHARD BURTON

Of old, how often lovers kept a tryst  
In such sweet haunts, how tenderly they kissed;  
But love is now turned hate, the very grass  
Is color-changed with blood of those who pass.

Lovers and birds alike have fled the place,  
The writhen body and the upturned face  
Know naught of love or song or carefree hours  
That blessed the alleys of these blameless flowers.

O refuges so rifled and so dim  
Of color, what to you the martial hymn!  
How sweet ye were where now the battle raves,  
O desolated gardens, with your graves!

## MARGUERITE WILKINSON

### 132. *The Old Hunter*

(A rune of forever and ever)

THE quarry is caught, the game-bag filled,  
And the meal is eaten too;  
The fire grows pale and the coals are spilled,  
And what shall the hunter do?

The hunter shall lie where the game was caught,  
Stiff heel and sinking chin;  
The hunter shall rest with the meal he brought,  
In Mother Earth's good inn.

And the rest shall weep while the embers fade,  
Till the last fine fire is gone,  
And if they be strong, and unafraid,  
Hope for another dawn!



## BADGER CLARK

133.

### *The Medicine Man*

“THE trail is long to the bison herd,  
The prairie rotten with rain,  
And look! the wings of the thunder bird  
Blacken the hills again.

A medicine man the gods may balk—  
Go fight for us with the thunder hawk!”

The medicine man flung out his arms.

“I am weary of woman talk  
And cook-fire witching and childish charms.  
I fight you the thunder hawk!”  
So he took his arrows and climbed the butte  
While the warriors watched him, scared and mute.

A wind from the wings began to blow  
And arrows of rain to shoot  
As the medicine man raised high his bow,  
Standing alone on the butte,  
And the day went dark to the cowering band  
As the arrow leaped from his steady hand.

For the thunder hawk swooped down to fight,  
And who in his way could stand?  
The flash of his eye was blinding bright  
And his wing-clap stunned the land.  
The braves yelled terror and loosed the rein  
And scattered far on the drowning plain.

And after the thunder hawk swept by  
They found him, scorched and slain,  
Yet—fighting with gods, who fears to die?—  
He smiled with a light disdain.  
That smile was a glory to all his clan  
But none dared touch the medicine man.

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

134.

### *Art and War*

WAR has its field of blood—heart-breaking war—  
Wherein to rule with undisputed sway  
Throughout its own mad, self-exhausting  
day.

There, where it rashly sacrifices more  
Than laboring Time may ever quite restore,  
Shall it, amid red welter and decay,  
Strive horribly; but let it not essay  
To enter where peace guards the future's door!

War has nor right, nor privilege, nor part  
In lives high-dedicate the world to bind  
Through love and hope and the great dream of art!  
All lands to such are Fatherland: they find  
In alien realms love's grateful, welcoming heart—  
They, chosen of the Gods to bless mankind!

## WITTER BYNNER

135. .

### *Heart's Content*

A TOWN called Heart's Content . . .  
I take the book and read again  
Of farmers and of fishermen,  
A distant town called Heart's Content.

Vessels are built there now and then,  
And there a cable from the sea  
Brings the wide world within the ken  
Of Newfoundland simplicity.

## WITTER BYNNER

Oh, are they happier than we  
With our unceasing incident  
Of competition and degree?  
And is the year a glad event?

Or does their memory now frequent  
A day when some one came to find  
His hope and left the world behind? . . .  
The town of Heart's Content!

## MARGUERITE WILKINSON

### 136. *Springtime—By an Outsider*

THE little brown lads are flying kites  
On the hilltops in the sun;  
They gladly laugh and strongly pull,  
And far and fast they run;  
And the little fresh lassies toss their jacks  
On a pavement cool and gray;  
My heart must drink a mingled draught  
In watching them at play. . . .

The little brown lads are playing ball  
And their arms are firm and round;  
Their eyes are bright and the bare feet light  
As they flash along the ground;  
And the little fresh lassies jumping rope—  
They have caught the heart of me  
With their "Sugar, pepper, mustard, salt,  
And vin-e-gar-in-e-gar-ee!"

## MARGUERITE WILKINSON

The little brown lads are spinning tops  
While the springtime smiles in joy;  
Who would not give spring's sunniest day  
To the love of one small boy?  
And the little fresh lassies dress their dolls  
In the shade of maple trees;  
They rock them soft, as I would rock  
My baby on my knees. . . .

The little brown lads are flying kites  
Where the sloping hilltops shine;  
O dear green hills, share this with me,  
For none of them are mine!  
And the little fresh lassies toss their jacks  
On the pavement cool and gray—  
O city streets, share this with me,  
For I am alone all day!

## ODELL SHEPARD

137.

### *The Adventurer*

HE did not come in the red dawn,  
He did not come at noon,  
And all the long bright highway  
Lay lonely to the moon.

And never more, we know now,  
Will he come wandering down  
The breezy hollows of the hills  
Into the quiet town.

For he has heard a voice cry  
A starry-faint "Ahoy!"  
Far up the wind, and followed  
Unquestioning after joy.

## ODELL SHEPARD

But we are long forgetting  
The quiet way he went,  
With looks of love and gentle scorn  
So sweetly, subtly blent.

We cannot cease to wonder,  
We two who loved him, how  
He fares along the windy ways  
His feet must travel now.

But we must draw the curtain  
And fasten bolts and bars  
And talk, here in the firelight,  
Of him beneath the stars.

## JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

### 138. *The Dance in the Steerage*

THE lights are dim on the steerage deck,  
But the stars are big and nigh,  
And a white wave flashes by the rail  
Whenever the deck goes high.

They have cleared a space among the ropes  
Enough to spin a top,  
And there the cook and a mother of nine  
Spin round with never a stop,—

Spin like a top, spin like a ball,  
Spin like a humming wheel,  
Spin like a world upon its poles  
On tireless toe and heel.

And what's the tune to which they spin?  
Accordion, fiddle, flute?  
Tune of the white wave, tune of the stars,  
Tune of the great souls mute?

## JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Never a word and never a smile  
And never a glance they drop,  
Never a pause to scrape and bow,  
But round and round like a top.

Never a glance and never a word  
And never the ghost of a smile,  
While stars go marching down the west  
And waves wash mile on mile.

And is it love? And is it prayer?  
And is it childish glee?  
It is the craving of the world  
And that which had to be.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

### 139. *Death, the Lover*

WHEN no one else will come, and Evening draws  
His robe of restful velvet close about;  
And stilled unto a whisper is the shout  
Of children; and a kind of quiet awes  
The very voice of Memory, because  
There is no longer need of anything  
That Memory can give; and fingers cling  
To passionless pure fingers; 'mid the pause,  
Ofttimes a scarce-expected step is heard;  
And, in the heart, a hand upon the knob,  
That sets the breast expectantly athrob;  
And, out of silence, languageless, a word.  
Oh! then the soul may know her mate is found,  
And rise and smile and make a joyful sound.

HERBERT CROMBIE HOWE

140.

*As in a Belfry*

AS in a belfry let me live,  
High above the toiling town,  
Looking down  
From the enchanted sunset gold,  
To behold  
The dusking roofs, and lights that glimmer,  
Where the wet streets shimmer,  
And the lit shop-windows shine,  
In a line.

As in a belfry let me live,  
Over the hum of the human hive,  
And still alive  
With the thrill that shot it up,  
Like a tall white lily cup,  
Out of throbbing love and pain,  
That, not in vain,  
It might look across the years,  
With wide eyes  
Undimmed by tears,  
Serene and wise.

As in a belfry let me live—  
Let the doves about me flutter,  
While my bells utter  
Each dear hour, from morning's light,  
Through the solemn, marching night,  
That, far below,  
Men may know  
They may trust their sentinel,  
They may hear his friendly bell  
Their moments tell  
To heaven's ear,  
Leaning near.

## HERBERT CROMBIE HOWE

Blow, then, winds, and dash the rain,  
Stars scurry through the clouds, till sun-  
light comes again,  
Love lift me, sorrow search me, but this  
guerdon give,—  
As in a belfry let me live!

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

### 141. *The Whisper of the Sands*

NIGHT, and the golden glory of the moon  
Above the undulant sweep of desert lands.  
And borne o'er dusky dale and shimmering  
dune  
The whisper of the sands!

Faint as the faintest ripple on the shore  
Of Nile that holds its enigmatic spell;  
Faint as the dawn-wind where tall palm-trees soar  
Or murmur in a shell!

Faint and inscrutable, freighted with the breath  
Of ages that have long, long ceased to be;  
Weighted with mysteries of birth and death,  
Time and eternity!

And so I linger till the night grows old  
And the rose-blossom of the morn expands,  
And hear these ceaseless marvels manifold,—  
The whisper of the sands!



## STEPHEN PHILLIPS

### 142. *Tell England Here We Lie Content*

(This epitaph was found roughly inscribed on the desert grave of some English soldiers.)

WHAT paeon, what victorious cry,  
By which the molten sky is rent,  
Can with this silent message vie,  
"Tell England here we lie content"?

Not theirs the medal or the clasp,  
Not theirs the bannered monument;  
Ah, not for these the wreath to grasp!  
But in the waste to lie content.

And from the wandering wave as well,  
From sailor as from soldier spent,  
Still comes that sweet but stern farewell:  
"Tell England here we lie content."

From coral deep, from utmost shore,  
One voice ascends, but no lament,  
From English dead the wide world o'er,  
"Tell England here we lie content."

This is the language, this the tongue,  
That holds or sea or continent,  
Stronger than any song yet sung:  
"Tell England here we lie content."

## JAMES B. KENYON

### 143. *A Quaker Maid*

SHE sits beneath the trellised vine,  
Beside the open door;  
Warm arabesques of sunlight shine  
Along the chequered floor.

## JAMES B. KENYON

Her busy needles wink and glance  
As still her task she plies;  
By bordered walks the midges dance;  
Above, the swallow flies.

Her face is calm; her eyes are meek;  
About her smooth young throat,  
And lightly blown o'er either cheek,  
The silken tendrils float.

Beneath the snow-white kerchief spread  
Across her placid breast,  
Unvexed by change or darkling dread,  
Her spirit lies at rest.

Peace is her world; no thought of ill,  
Nor breath of sordid strife,  
E'er taints the pure desires that fill  
Her cool hushed round of life.

Afar the city roars; there sweeps  
The long white way that gleams  
For other feet; she sits and keeps  
Alone her quiet dreams.

## WILLIAM C. EDGAR

144.

### *The Flag in Belgium*

WE stood on Belgium's tortured soil,  
War-scarred it was—blood red,  
While Hunger stalked the smitten land  
And widows mourned their dead;  
And there was nowhere sign of hope,  
And nowhere help was nigh,  
Save in that spot where flew our flag,  
The Stars and Stripes, on high.

## WILLIAM C. EDGAR

Beneath it, safe protected, lay  
The food by Pity sent,  
And where it waved, Compassion stood  
With succor for the spent.  
The little children blessed the flag,  
And women kissed its bars,  
And men looked up, again with hope  
To gaze upon its stars.

Go, trace its glories to their source  
In fights by land or sea,  
And tell of all that made this flag  
The emblem of the free,  
But nobler fight was never waged  
Nor higher honour gained  
Than when, in Belgium, hunger-swept,  
God's mercy it maintained.

## CHARLES T. RYDER

### 145. *Not Without Hope*

NOT without hope nor vainly have we sought,  
Although no morning star, no gleam of dawn  
Illumine the stupendous night of thought  
Where the dear dead are gone.

Their bright embodied lives wholly depart:  
The well-loved reassuring hand at meeting,  
The spoken music of the friendly heart,  
The good, quick smile of greeting.

## CHARLES T. RYDER

This is our sorrow. But the generous soul,  
The proud and passionate striving after good,  
The honest human kindness toward earth's whole  
Perplexed sad brotherhood,

These shall not perish, if with hearts made sound  
We labor on, their labor to complete;  
Their goal of immortality is found,  
Their death is not defeat.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

### 146. *Ulysses in Ithaca*

**I**THACA, Ithaca, the land of my desire!  
I'm home again in Ithaca, beside my own hearthfire.  
Sweet patient eyes have welcomed me, all tenderness  
and truth,  
Wherein I see kept sacredly the visions of our youth—  
Yet sometimes, even as I hear the calm  
Deep breathing of Penelope at rest  
Beside me—cravingly my empty palm  
Curves to the memory of Calypso's breast.  
Ah, wild immortal mistress! With a smile  
You crowned my passion as a goddess can.  
I would not, if I might, regain your isle—  
Nor would I lose remembrance, being man.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Ithaca, Ithaca, the wind among the trees,  
The peasant singing at his toil, the murmuring of bees.  
The minstrel plucking at the harp when cups are on the  
board,

The measure of the martial dance, the rhythmic shield  
and sword—

But oh, the sword-song broken in the beat,  
The sword-song that I heard by Simois!  
The high fierce cry of battle's crimson heat—  
Whatever else I hear, I lose not this.  
No, nor that unimaginable song  
When through my straining limbs the cord cut far.  
Pallas, I thank thee that the bonds were strong—  
Yet was the siren's music worth the scar!

Ithaca, Ithaca, and peace when day is done;  
Life like a weary eagle folding wings at set of sun.  
The round of homely duties, the temperate delight,  
The simple pleasure of the day, the quiet rest at night—  
But I have known the thrill of danger's face;  
Have launched my spirit as a spear is cast.  
The world and hell have been my living-place,  
Who choose to die in Ithaca at last.  
Odysseus has foregone the wanderer's part—  
But, mighty Zeus! how good it is to know  
That I have held a goddess to my heart  
And fought heroic giants, long ago!

## JOYCE KILMER

147.

### *Wealth*

FROM what old ballad or from what rich frame  
Did you descend to glorify the earth?  
Was it from Chaucer's singing-book you came?  
Or did Watteau's small brushes give you birth?

Nothing more exquisite than that slim hand  
Did Raffael or Leonardo trace.  
Nor could the poets learn in Fairyland  
To write the lyric wonder of your face.

I would possess a store of lovely things  
But I am poor and so this may not be:  
Yet God, who lifts the poor and humbles kings  
Sent loveliness itself to dwell with me.

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

148.

### *Christmas Eve*

WOULD Jesus come to me, Mither,  
The morrow's Christmas morn,  
Wearin' the bonny smile he had  
That day that he was born,  
Around his head a wreath o' light,  
And not a twig o' thorn,—

I'd open wide the doore, Mither,  
The way that he'd come in;  
And not to gi' him pain at all,  
I'd keep my heart from sin;  
And all I could to pleasure him  
I'd right at once begin.

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Not in a stall should he be laid,  
But on me own fine bed;  
And half me porridge, wi' me own  
Small spoon should he be fed,  
The while his Mither smiled, and shared  
Wi' you the bit o' bread.

'Twould be a time o' joy, Mither!  
But thinkin' o' they things,  
'Tis maybe well he should be there,  
Wi' ward o' angel-wings;  
I doubt they'd miss him so!—the kine,  
The shepherds, and the kings!

## RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

### 149. *O Mary in Thy Clear Young Eyes*

(A Madonna by Dagnan-Bouveret)

**O** MARY in thy clear young eyes  
What sorrow came at His first cry?  
What hint of how He was to die  
Disturbed thee in that calm sunrise . . .  
What shadow from the paling sky  
Did fall across thy Paradise?

Dreamed thou the Garden . . . and the Tree?  
Knew it was for the little child  
Whose lips against thy warm breast smiled?  
So sweet, that body close to thee . . .  
By men's rough hands to be defiled;  
So frail . . . yet waiting Calvary!

\* \* \*

Ah, once I too lay spent and wan,  
A tiny head against my heart,

## RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

And had my vision of the part  
A child must play when years had gone—  
And then I felt the quick tears start,  
Remembering Jesus in the dawn.

O Mary, mother without guile,  
We mothers with the stain of earth  
Marring the sanctity of birth,  
See heaven in thy baby's smile,  
And, sinning, know the holy worth  
Of what thou, sinless, dreamed that while.

## HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

150.       *After Sunset in the Rockies*

QUIETNESS everywhere:  
The lake, that but an hour since was tossed  
Into a make-believe of ocean rage,  
Now lies beneath the eyes of heaven in calm,  
Inscrutable peace. It has a loveliness  
Too pure for motion.

All around, the peaks,  
That in full day spoke terribly of strength  
And storm and battle and of victory,  
With nightfall put their rugged armor off,  
And softly they draw near, and kindliness  
Is in their silence.

Darker it grows,  
And stars pierce through the infinite depth of sky;  
The colors fade and vanish, till the world—  
The silent lake, the cliffs and jagged peaks,  
The star-strewn vault above—all join together  
In blended darkness.



## HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS

These selfsame crags  
But now were resonant with Valkyr shouts;  
The flames of battle played round yon red peak,  
And through the air the cavalry of storm  
Drove their battalions, while the howling wind  
Sounded the charge.

Peace after turmoil,  
A peace as all-pervading as the dark,  
That purifies the heart of willfulness  
And all the insignificance of care,  
Comes softly down the purple mountain-slopes,  
The gift of night.

Nor time nor space  
Can dim the vision of that silent lake  
Charmed out of madness, and those gaunt, scarred  
peaks  
Turned by night's magic into loveliness,  
While in the sky the stars came quietly,  
And with them peace.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

### 151. *A Song of Living*

**B**ECAUSE I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow  
to die.

I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in  
the blue of the sky.

I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the  
wind to my breast.

My cheek like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I  
have pressed.

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I have kissed young Love on the lips, I have heard his  
song to the end.

I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of  
a friend.

I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work  
done well.

I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive  
out of hell.

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

I give a share of my soul to the world where my course  
is run.

I know that another shall finish the task I must leave  
undone.

I know that no flower, no flint was in vain on the path  
I trod.

As one looks on a face through a window, through life  
I have looked on God.

Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

## JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

### 152. *Lynch Law*

("Bloody instructions which, being taught, return to plague  
the inventor.")

**W**HEN they ran him down hill, what did Moyer  
think?

Down the hill from Hancock, to the water's brink,  
Down the hill from Hancock to put him on the train,  
A bullet in his back and riot in his brain?

Shades of Harry Orchard! was he haunted then?

Dynamite, and buckshot, and dynamite again?

Independence depot, the horror and the pain?

Did he think of Cripple Creek and of Coeur d'Alene?

## JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Could he read the future, how it followed suit  
When they planted powder in the streets of Butte?  
When the rebel miners turned upon the chief  
And slipping out the back way, he vanished like a thief?

When they ran him down hill, what did Moyer think?  
Did he hold his head high, or did he cower and slink?  
Did he smile to greet the terrors he had loosed:—  
“These are all my black-birds coming home to roost”?

## RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

### 153. *At the Old Ladies' Home*

THERE in a row of chairs upon the porch  
I saw them, women alien from the world,  
Set in a niche to watch the world go by:  
A few, born saints . . . but some had outworn sin;  
Sisters at last, from having done with life.

Here Joan of Arc, grown past her soldier-dream,  
And Mariamne, spared her Herod's wrath,  
Forgetting Herod, gossiped for an hour;  
While calm Francesca, once knowing Paolo's love,  
Sat knitting peaceful in the noonday sun,  
And Nicolette, with Aucassin long gone,  
Made painful writing with a wrinkled hand.

“Ah, let me die,” I prayed, “before the glow  
Shall leave my body, and before my tears  
Shall buy me patience; take me while I feel  
The lure-of-things that blesses with its hurt—  
Dear God, give me not age!” (For I would keep  
You in my heart of hearts . . . for whose sad eyes  
These lines are set, O Dearest . . . to the last.)

## RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

Just then, among the many faces there,  
I glimpsed a face most delicate and pale  
And very lovely with that wistfulness  
In which the shadows of long sorrow lie;  
Meeting my look, she smiled, and, with that smile,  
Somehow the lilacs by the iron fence,  
The plumed grass brushing low across the path,  
Brought back to me an afternoon in May  
And a sweet garden where I sometimes played  
When I fared forth in gingham pinafore:  
I saw Another (dead so many years,  
Her name I could not in that hour recall):  
Old she had been as ashes in a jar  
She kept upon a high, old-fashioned chest  
In an old-fashioned room in her still house . . .  
Now I remembered with what passionate warmth  
A cheek had once been pressed against my cheek,  
What frail and trembling arms had lifted me . . .  
To touch that silvery dust within the jar.

Perhaps it is God's will I shall grow old  
And none may read beneath my quietness . . .  
Gardens in May, or any memory  
Of you! And yet for very shame tonight  
I change my prayer, and ask for strength to live.

## THERESA HELBURN

154.

### *The Aviator*

S WIFT through the night I sped on vibrant wing,  
The hooded death beside me slumbering,  
And in my heart strange passions newly born.  
Over the edge of night slow crept the morn,  
And far beneath the patterned earth lay bare;

## THERESA HELBURN

Fallow and field and forest, square on square,  
Tiny and tenantless, while overhead  
The crimson, sleepless meadows of the dead  
Had sent their messenger. Onward I flew  
Until I saw, and seeing, slowly knew  
The gray roof where the singing rails converged.  
A leaping flame of exultation surged!  
The black death woke beneath my hand, and fell,  
A sudden, swift ambassador of Hell,  
Straight to its goal. The silence cried aloud  
In agony, so shattered, and a crowd  
Of lesser voices answered me in kind  
With venomous tongue. Laughing, upon the wind  
I rose . . .

The earth fell from me like a falling stone.  
I scaled the steep cliff of the sky, and stung  
The swift machine to madness! Lo, I hung  
Motionless in a world where nothing moved!  
Distance was not and time had ceased to be!  
Annihilated by eternity  
Man's utmost effort failed! My startled soul,  
Stripped of its passions, humbled, and made whole,  
Drank a new wisdom from that endless sea  
Of silence, and I trod eternity,  
God's equal, and God's peace within my heart!

Downward at last. The uprising earth again,  
The eager hands, the questionings of men,  
And thunderous praise that roused no answering flame.  
The deed they cheered, it was not mine to claim;  
Somewhere beyond that farthest rim of cloud  
The doer of the deed had found his shroud,  
And the green crown they wreathed about my head  
Was but a funeral token for one dead.

## TUDOR JENKS

155.

### *A Portrait by Velasquez*

(The portrait speaks)

“**R**INALDO DE LA MURCIA—never mind my titles—

Painted by Velasquez, if that's the fellow's name.

It took a dozen sittings at least, as I remember;  
As many wasted trials before the likeness came.

“Likeness, did I call it? Well, well, there's some resemblance;

The chin's too sharp, the nose too thin, the eyes a trifle light;

But still, it has distinction, the Duke and Duchess told me,

Though Dona Ysabel insists the picture is a fright.

“I paid a thousand pieces in pity for the craftsman—

His doublet was worn threadbare, and he had a hatchet face.

Such creatures should be pensioned and kept to paint our portraits,

For all posterity should know the men of mark and race.

“I do not grudge the money, though it cost a month's campaigning,

We took the castle, burned it, and carried off the gold.

It may be that this old daub will make the tale more vivid

When to my children's children that sharp fray shall be told.”

\* \* \* \*

The painted lips were silent. I bent to scan the canvass.

It bore a date I could not read, and painter's name alone.

And then I read the label: “A Portrait by Velasquez;

Recently discovered. The subject is unknown.”

JAMES B. KENYON

156.

*Belated*

HERE through years she dwelt apart;  
Still I see her, as of old;  
Round her swallows wheel and dart,  
Summer spreads its cloth of gold.

Droning bees in dew-wet flowers,  
Ploughmen shouting to their teams,  
Whisperings of fragrant showers—  
All are mingled with her dreams.

Backward roll the cloudy years;  
Other scenes before her rise;  
Other sounds are in her ears;  
Other suns climb other skies.

She, a damsel sore distressed,  
From her ivied casement high  
Leans with dolor-stricken breast,  
Watching with a haggard eye;

Till, through mists that blur her sight,  
Pricking o'er the wide champaign,  
She beholds her proud young knight  
Leading up his bannered train.

And she knows the hour is near  
When, beyond that prisoning wall,  
She shall vanish without fear—  
Borne afar, love's happy thrall.

Or, through fields with daisies pied,  
Hooded falcon on her wrist,  
Slim hound frisking at her side,  
Forth she fares to keep her tryst.

## JAMES B. KENYON

There where immemorial trees  
Lift gnarled boughs to sun and rain,  
Mid bird-haunted privacies,  
Lives the old sweet tale again.  
Thus, while tongues still clashed and strove,  
And joy withered at a breath,  
Her unaging spirit wove  
Rainbows o'er the gulfs of death.  
Gentle dreamer! soul of snow!  
Out of place and season born,  
Hither come—how, none may know—  
Wandering from some earlier morn,  
Teach us, though the world be wide,  
And life miss its high emprise,  
That the heart, whate'er betide,  
Still may find its Paradise.

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

157.

### *Vagabondage*

LO, I have done awhile with haste,  
With weary windings up and down;  
Freed of all bonds I range the waste  
Beyond the turmoil of the town.  
More than may be revealed in words  
I joy in what I hear and see;  
I know the fellowship of birds,  
And I am kinsman to the bee.  
As fancy moves I pause or pass;  
My tarrying is long or brief;  
I join the wind-song to the grass,  
The lyric laughter of the leaf.



## CLINTON SCOLLARD

A swaying fern my thought beguiles,  
A ripple as it cools the cress;  
A wayside flower upon me smiles,  
And I am wrapt in happiness.

I have so yearned for artless things,  
Have been so long unreconciled,  
The tiniest gnat, with gauzy wings,  
Transports me as it would a child.

Withdrawn from stress, apart from strife,  
To loving nature I respond,  
And drain the deepest draughts of life,  
A vagrant and a vagabond!

## ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

158.

### *The Valiant Dust*

SO long it is since first the eddying world  
Spun for itself a being; ah, since then,  
Into the sterile waste of darkness hurled,  
Have gone to dust so many goodly men.

So often through the seasonal wax and wane  
From death to death by the strange gate of birth,  
Strong men have slain each other and been slain,  
And given their body's pride to the gray earth.

Under the plough there is not any clod,  
Cumbering in late March the fruitful ground,  
But was the fleshly raiment of a god,  
Whom the earth clips within its narrow bound.

The thin house dust one lightly casts aside  
Somehow distils the strength of armored men  
And fragrance of all beauty that has died,—  
This common dust that rides the wind again,—

## ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

And like the soul that there inhabited,  
No more beholds on heights far off the gleam  
Where, on the dim innumerable dead,  
Shines down the years the imperishable dream.

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

159.

### *In a Garden*

WOMAN, Woman, idly dreaming  
In thy sheltered garden sweet,  
Dost thou hear the mighty music  
And the tread of marching feet?  
'Tis thy Sisters on the highway,  
Wide their banners are unfurled  
Flinging out an eager challenge,  
"Come thou forth into the world?"

Oh, I see my Sisters marching,  
And I hear their onward cry,  
And my spirit leaps to greet them  
As they pass me proudly by;  
But shall no one tend the garden,  
Watch its miracles unclosed?  
Patient wait upon the lily  
To consider how it grows?

Woman, Woman, art thou singing?  
Dost not know, in times like these,  
There is no one who will listen  
To thy simple melodies?  
Hast not heard the distant thunder,  
Hast not seen the pallid things  
That lie helpless neath the shadow  
Of the war-bird's awful wings?

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

I have heard the cannon roaring,  
I have seen the vultures fly,  
Have dreamed of moonlit battle-fields  
Where the ghastly dead men lie.  
And I've wakened to the singing  
Of the skyward speeding lark,  
I have watched the flush of morning  
Creeping slowly o'er the dark.

Should the wearied God of Battles,  
Fleeing from conflicting prayers,  
Walk once more at cool of evening  
In a garden unawares,  
Should He find there some one singing,  
Happy on the quiet ground,  
Might not He who marks the sparrow  
Pause to listen to the sound?

## MARGARET WIDDEMER

160.

### *And If You Came*

AND if you came?—Oh, I would smile  
And sit quite still to hide  
My throat that something clutched the while,  
My heart that struck my side.

And you would hear my slow words fall  
(Men do not know!) and say,  
"She does not love me now at all,"  
And rise and go away.

And I would watch, as quietly  
Your footsteps crossed the sill,  
The whole world dying out from me . . .  
And speak on smiling still.

WHEN I am dead and must be buried deep,  
 Let it not be  
 Beneath commemorated sod  
 To sleep a still and formal sleep;  
 But in the green untrammelled sea,  
 Or in some mountain place untrod.

There will the things that I have loved so long  
 Be with me still,  
 There shall I keep high festival  
 With wind and wave, and hear the song  
 Of birds that haunt the spray or fill  
 The crags with clamour and fierce call.

Perhaps tall ships will sail across my breast,  
 Strong, lovely ships!  
 Or, mingled with the salty foam  
 Blown bright along the evening west,  
 I'll kiss the weather-beaten lips  
 Of sailors singing to be home.

Or my heart's dust, after long days and days,  
 Will be made one  
 With those huge, timeless rocks that know  
 The mysteries of space, and raise  
 Strange pinnacles of ice and snow,  
 Familiar with the stars and sun.

There shall I know again the loneliness  
 That did, in hours  
 Of close commune with nature, roll  
 A great cool tide to heal and bless  
 And change to unsuspected powers  
 The scorching passions of my soul.

## SCUDDER MIDDLETON

162.

### *Children*

THOUGH there is something that I long to tell,  
I do not often stop and speak to them,  
For when I do it is an awkward phrase  
That comes self-conscious, halting to my lips—  
A foolish chatter such as nurses make,—  
And they grow ill at ease and turn away,  
Or else look wide-eyed up at me and smile,  
As though they thought it fun that I, so big,  
Knew not the secret ways of little words;  
And this is strange to me, for once I spoke  
That very language they can understand.  
I think I learned it from the simple flowers,  
Or it was taught me by the quiet stars,—  
But now, somehow, I have forgotten it,  
Somehow have lost the secret of it all,—  
Now I am silent when I am with them,  
Though there is something that I long to say.

## BADGER CLARK

163.

### *The Bad Lands*

NO fresh green things in the Bad Lands bide;  
It is all stark red and gray,  
And strewn with bones that had lived and died  
Ere the first man saw the day.  
When the sharp crests dream in the sunset gleam,  
And the bat through the canyon veers,  
You will sometimes catch, if you listen long,  
The tones of the Bad Lands' mystic song,  
A song of a million years.  
The place is as dry as a crater cup,  
Yet you hear, as the stars shine free,  
From the barren gulches sounding up,  
The lap of a spawning sea,

## BADGER CLARK

A breeze that cries where the great ferns rise  
From the pools on a new-made shore,  
With the whip and whirr of batlike wings,  
And the snarl of slimy, fighting things,  
And the tread of the dinosaur.

Then the sea voice ebbs through untold morns,  
And the jungle voices reign,—  
The hunting howl and the clash of horns,  
And the screech of rage and pain.  
Harsh and grim is the old earth hymn  
In that far brute paradise,  
And as ages drift the rough strains fall  
To a single note more grim than all,  
The crack of the glacial ice.

So the song runs on, with shift and change,  
Through the years that have no name,  
And the late notes soar to a higher range,  
But the theme is still the same.  
Man's battle-cry and the guns' reply  
Blend in with the old, old rhyme  
That was traced in the score of the strata marks  
While millenniums winked like campfire sparks  
Down the winds of unguessed time.

There's a finer fight than of tooth and claw,  
More clean than of blade and gun,  
But, fair or foul, by the Great Bard's law  
'Twill be fight till the song is done.  
Not mine to sigh for the song's deep "why,"  
Which only the Great Bard hears.  
My soul steps out to the martial swing  
Of the brave old song that the Bad Lands sing,  
The song of a million years.

SARA TEASDALE

164.

*Remembered Beauty*

(To E)

I HAVE remembered beauty in the night,  
Against black silences I waked to see  
A shower of sunlight over Italy  
And green Ravello dreaming on her height;  
I have remembered music in the dark,  
The clean swift beauty of a fugue of Bach's  
And running water singing on the rocks  
When once in English woods I heard a lark.  
  
But all remembered beauty is no more  
Than a vague prelude to the thought of you—  
You are the rarest soul I ever knew,  
Lover of beauty, knightliest and best;  
My thoughts seek you as waves that seek the  
shore,  
And when I think of you, I am at rest.

SARA TEASDALE

165.

*Mastery*

I WOULD not have a god come in  
To shield me suddenly from sin,  
And set my house of life to rights;  
Nor angels with bright burning wings  
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;  
Rather my own frail guttering lights  
Wind-blown and nearly beaten out,  
Rather the terror of the nights  
And long sick groping after doubt,  
Rather be lost than let my soul  
Slip vaguely from my own control—  
Of my own spirit let me be  
In sole though feeble mastery.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

166.

### *The Sorceress*

**I**N innermost mute closures of the sea  
(Some say flotillas founder at her door!),  
Amid the mildewed ruined ships ashore  
And safe from wailing gales eternally,  
Upon grown-dull doubloons enthroned is she.  
Before her, lordly masts like pylons rise.  
Drowned ermine and spoiled purple swathe her  
thighs;  
And there is hint—which must voluptuous be—  
Of jewelled anklets jangling without sound!  
Such necklaces as Death bestows on her  
Would gleam upon that bosom did it stir;  
But it is still, and in like silence bound  
Are admirals and captains prisoned there—  
Entangled in the torment of her hair!

## JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

167.

### *June*

**Y**ON dragonfly is friends with me  
And by my dingle goes  
The solemn, priestly bumble-bee,  
That marries rose to rose.

My book? In sooth I'm using it  
To pillow up my head:  
This day-lay is a brighter bit  
Than any I have read.

My pipe and I are company.  
(The cat-bird thinks it queer  
That I should burn so carelessly—  
Note now his call and leer.)



## JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

All morning-time, from dawn till noon,  
I fished and mused and fished;  
One wee-est bite had I for boon:  
'Twas all the boon I wished.

I roam in eye-reach many a mile,  
In fancy further roam;  
The hours like fairy smiles beguile  
My heart to my heart's home.

Yon veery is great friends with me,  
And by my hollow goes  
The grumbling, mumbling humble-bee,  
That weds red rose to rose.

## HERBERT J. HALL

### 168.           *The End of the Storm*

**I**N the dim east where weed-brown rocks lie bare  
The weary sea uplifts a cloud of spray—  
The last white banner of the vanquished storm.  
A long, low wave sweeps onward to the shore,  
It floods the worn vault of a rocky cave  
With sharp compression like a great door shut,  
Then slides back seaward, spent and spiritless.  
That is the end. Thin foam will wash and fret  
Along the blackened ledges but the tide  
Runs low, the sea has lost its boisterous power.  
Around the point the coastwise shipping spreads  
Great mildewed sails to catch the drying sun.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

169.      *My Heart Said "Hasten!"*

WHEN I come back in the gloom  
To my lighted house once more  
My heart says, "Haste tonight!  
There is something you do not know,  
Something to give you joy,  
On the other side of the door  
There in the firelight's glow,  
There in the lighted room."

My quick heart whispers me,  
"The lover you have not known  
Is waiting you there tonight,  
Do you wonder that I rejoice? . . .  
Or the kinsman gone over-sea,  
The one they have always said  
Would surely come back some day  
Waits for you, brown, wind-blown . . .  
Or the dearest one of the dead  
Waits in the ring of light,  
With the old glad face and voice  
As if he were never away . . .  
Hasten!" my heart has said.

But when I open the door  
There are only the old lights  
And the old accustomed faces  
And the firelight on the floor. . . .

HERBERT J. HALL

170.

*The Winged Victory*

NO question shall I make of what you mean  
Oh winged victory superb and free—  
Nor wonder that your spirit lives serene,  
Immortal in its spreading majesty.  
Yours is a conquest all unmarred by hate  
And gentle as the onward march of spring—  
The sweeping glory of a soul elate  
But tender in the hour of triumphing.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

*MUSINGS OF PIERROT*

171.

*Pierrot Gives an Accounting*

I AM rich, but not in gold,  
Very young when she is by:  
In her absence then am I  
Very old.

Old, so old that, in eclipse,  
My desire begins to freeze:  
Then come kisses—velvet bees  
On her lips.

Redder lips there never were,  
Thawing frozen passion through,  
Until swarming kisses do  
Warm the air.

With what rapture and desire  
Is my vagrant fancy filled!  
Burning, where my veins were chilled,  
What sweet fire!

## WILLIAM GRIFFITH

Heart to heart and hour by hour,  
Never a marauding bee  
Cherished such a treasury  
In a flower.

Wayward hair as dark as jet,  
Blue eyes, tender as the dawn,  
In a gown of snowy lawn  
Thrills Pierrette.

### 172. *Pierrot and Pierrette at the Window*

WHAT though we shape no mighty thing  
In word or deed,  
Nor sing as organ voices sing,  
Hymning a creed!

Good-will, Pierrette, to all the crowd  
Is something still  
Reserved for us to hum aloud;  
To all, good-will!

Our windows, facing toward the sun,  
Are dim and small;  
And our own vision from each one  
Is all in all.

Searching above and under ground,  
Our fancies grope,  
Only to learn what may be found  
This side of hope.

What wonders haply glorify  
The other side,  
Where lurking, veiled from mortal eye,  
The heavens hide!

## WILLIAM GRIFFITH

### 173. *The Home-Coming of Pierrette*

WHOSE footfall is it on the stair?  
What sweet white spell  
Is laid like perfume on the air,  
Where we—we dwell?

A dear hand hovers at the door:  
The gods begin  
To open heaven more and more:  
Come in—come in!

Since morning has she been away,  
Whose absence makes  
Each moment longer than a day  
That never breaks.

Ah me! that she should ever fail  
To gladden all  
The poor place, like a nightingale,  
At evenfall!

Blinded by star-dust in our eyes,  
Do we regret  
Our home is very near the skies?  
Pierrette, Pierrette!

### 74. *The Protest of Pierrot*

(1914)

LIKE harsh bells tolling in a trance,  
War is declared!  
Pierrette, the happiness of France  
May not be spared!

## WILLIAM GRIFFITH

Think of sweet bleeding France and all  
The joy to come,  
Being defeated—and the pall  
On hope and home!

Home—home, Pierrette, for us at least  
Who waited long,  
And who had put aside the feast  
To hear the song!

War is declared! Versailles ablaze!  
The world is bared!  
God! but the great nights and the days  
Love had declared!

### 175. *Pierrot Mourns the Death of Pierrette*

AH! was the soul of Cain  
More deeply shaken  
At the red dawn of pain,  
Or more forsaken?

Ages or hours ago,  
Was it the sighing  
News came from Bergamo?  
Pierrette was dying.

She who had meant so much,  
Not to me only,  
But whose dear voice and touch  
Made life less lonely.

Ages or hours ago,  
Was it the hurried  
Message from Bergamo  
Said she was buried?

## WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

Much had she been alone,  
Gentle, forgiving,  
Rapturous in her own  
Wonder at living.

Placid and pale her brow,  
Jealousies banished,  
Nothing else matters now:  
Pierrette has vanished.

Deep in my heart a drouth,  
Parching, discloses  
Cinders—and in my mouth  
Ashes of roses.

## MARGARET WIDDEMER

176.

### *An Afternoon*

**T**HIS was one of the dreary whiles  
When a woman sits and smiles  
Wishing all the talk was over,  
Inward thought a weary rover . . .  
But my lips smiled vividly—  
Ah, the women could not see  
How my hand in yours lay warm  
Through wide miles of sun and storm  
(Far away, dear, did you know  
That I smiled to feel it so?)  
And my eyes burned bright, elate,  
Into theirs of drearier fate  
Seeing your eyes' lovingness  
Into mine smile deep and bless,  
(Far away, love, did you see  
On your eyes mine lovingly?)  
While between the words they made,  
Weary words, I think, dull-weighted,

## MARGARET WIDDEMER

We were talking each to each;  
Why, too short for all our speech  
Was the lingering afternoon,  
Throbbing fast and vanished soon  
(Far away, love, did you hear  
All I whispered in your ear?)

And they said—I heard them say—  
“What it is to be young and gay!  
How she pleased in the day!”

## ARTHUR GUITERMAN

177.

### *The Quest*

(A Lithuanian folk-song)

SWEET was the song that the Princess trolled  
To the Youth as he rode away:  
“Bring me the Flower of the Winter Cold  
And the Snow of a Summer Day!”

Afar he fared and his heart was bold—  
He feared not flood nor fray,  
Yet he found not the Flower of the Winter Cold  
Nor the Snow of a Summer Day.

The night was clear and the white moon rolled  
When under the oak he lay  
And dreamed of the Flower of the Winter Cold  
And the Snow of a Summer Day.



## ARTHUR GUITERMAN

There came a Bird with a crest of gold  
And carolled a roundelay,  
And all of the Flower of the Winter Cold  
And the Snow of a Summer Day:

"I see the fir on the frosty wold,  
The foam on the waves at play,—  
And there is the Flower of the Winter Cold  
And the Snow of a Summer Day!"

He took of the plume of the fir tree old  
And the foam of the billow gray,  
And brought her the Flower of the Winter Cold  
And the Snow of a Summer Day.

## LOUIS UNTERMAYER

178. *The Road*

DOWN the long road we went,  
Friends and lovers, we two.  
Incredibly content,  
Tingling somehow with the commonplace view;  
Amazed at the heaven's most casual blue.  
Sniffing the air with astonishment,  
As though for the first time we knew  
The sharp smell of the pine-woods blent  
With the vague wild rose's scent.

## LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Each roadside flower that ran along with us  
Suddenly seemed a thing miraculous;  
Translating all its magic into song.  
Even their names were music; faint and strong  
They flashed godspeed and called from where they  
grew—

The feathery clusters of the Meadow-Rue;  
Red Lilies dancing by, with wanton feet;  
The graceful spires of the Meadow-sweet.  
Even the shy Sheep-laurel looked around  
To stare with deep pink eyes; while, from the ground,  
Soft as the thing from which it took its name,  
The Infant's Breath with double sweetness came.  
And over all the mingled richness lay  
The hot, sweet fragrance of the drying hay . . .

The city slipped away;  
Its harshness melted as the twilight grew;  
Its power was spent.  
Something was walking with us, something new;  
It sang the world into our hearts and sent  
Our spirits dancing to where Beauty lay  
Over the heavens like a testament.  
There was one star—and a great wash of blue . . .  
Down the long road we went,  
Friends and lovers, we two.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

179. *On Sunday Morning*

FAR, far from here the church bells ring  
As when I was a child;  
And there is one I dearly love  
Walks in the sunlight mild.

To church she goes and with her once  
I went, a little child.

The church bells ring far, far away,  
The village streets are bright,  
The sunlight falls in slanting bars  
And fills the church with light.  
And I remember when I knelt  
Beside her in delight.

There's something lost, there's something lost,  
Some wisdom has beguiled!

My heart has flown a thousand miles  
And in the sunlight mild

It kneels and weeps beside her there.  
And she prays for her child.

SARA TEASDALE

180. *The Strawberry Man*

THE April afternoon was long,  
And though I heard a robin's song  
From the grass-plot richly green

As the velvet cloak of a fairy queen,  
And though the maple tips were red,  
And many a jonquil bowed its head,  
Yet Spring had sent no special word  
Meant for me until I heard

Down in the street a man go by,  
Calling low and calling high  
"Straw-ber-ries, straw-ber-ries!"

## SARA TEASDALE

His passing voice had hurried me  
Back to the child I used to be  
Before the days when I was grown,  
And all the years that I have known  
Of storm and dream and love and grief  
Fell like rain from a bending leaf—  
I was a child with windy hair  
Finding all things wild and fair,  
And from my window looking far  
Over roof and tree to the evening star,  
And hearing a man sing far away  
At the silver close of an April day  
“Straw-ber-ries, straw-ber-ries.”

## JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

181.

### *Memory*

**I** THOUGHT I had forgotten . . .  
To help me to be brave,  
I would not keep the treasures  
That other women save.  
  
The foolish little trifles  
That wring our hearts with pain,  
When, after aching silence,  
They speak to us again.  
  
The things that go on living  
Long after love is dead—  
I watched them burn to ashes,  
Then faced the years ahead.  
  
I thought I had forgotten:  
I was serene, and strong,  
Till, out of the dark last night,  
Some one whistled your song!

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

182.

### *A Prayer in Time of War*

**O** GOD of battles, lift our hearts to Thee!  
We had forgot, since Thou art Lord of life  
That Thou art Lord of strife;  
For we grew weary of the old stern ways.  
Our spirits fine and thin  
Winc'd at the name of sin—  
That was an ugly word of cruder days.  
We chose to learn and teach  
A gentler thought, a softer sounding speech.  
Heaven was a goal one could not help but win,  
And there was no more hell,  
Even on earth. We thought that to live well  
Was to live long and prosper, so we beat  
Our swords to ploughshares for the golden wheat.  
From year to year we saw our wealth increase,  
And when amid all this content we saw  
Injustice in our land, we made a law—  
And this, we said, was Peace . . .  
While under our soft music was the roll  
Of Thy resistless drum, that bade us face  
The inevitable warfare of the soul.  
But in our comfortable world no place  
Was left for hate—even for hate of wrong.  
We would not make a discord in our song.  
God! how Thy trumpet blared  
Wild terror on our spirits unprepared!  
Was Thy blind world so sodden in its ease  
That Thou must write Thy warning on the sky  
In characters like these?  
That men may learn to live, must millions die?  
Then, comrades, to the battle! Where is peace?  
It was a dream that closed our drowsy eyes.  
While evil is, our struggle may not cease.  
Beyond the war that wakens us, there lies

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Another and a fiercer war—the fight  
Within our very souls, of wrong and right.  
When freedom's flag for every nation flies,  
Then comes the Armageddon of each heart,  
Against the stealthy and insidious foes  
That every conscience knows.  
God grant us bravely each to do his part  
For justice, honour, truth and brotherhood.  
Knowing, whate'er the cost, the fight is good.  
Not as today, with lives like wine outpoured  
In sacrifice, O Lord,  
But paying the true liberty's dear price  
In living sacrifice.  
*O God of battles, give us victory!*

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

### 183. *The Smile of Reims*

“**T**HE smile,” they called her,—“La Sourire”;  
and fair—

A sculptured angel on the northern door  
Of the Cathedral's west façade—she wore  
Through the long centuries of toil and care  
That smile, mysteriously wrought and rare,  
As if she saw brave visions evermore—  
Kings, and an armored Maid who lilies bore,  
And all the glories that had once been there.

How like to thee, her undefeated Land!  
Wounded by bursting shells, a little space  
Broken she lay beneath her ancient portal;  
But lifted from the earth with trembling hand,  
Victorious, still glowed upon her face  
Thy smile, heroic France, love-given and immortal!

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

184.

### *The Man in White*

“SOLDIER, knowest thou the land,  
The land that's home to thee?”

“Stranger, with the voice not strange,  
Why do you lean to me,  
A wounded man, and speak a word  
That mocks my memory?”

“Soldier, I am from that land,  
The land that's home to thee.”

“O stranger, with the gentle hands,  
Now let your pity be.  
You have no word what land is mine,  
Your closed eyes cannot see  
As mine, as mine, the land of lands,  
The land where I would be.”

“I see a field of apple-trees  
That top a furrowed hill,  
A little house, a little room,  
A flowered window-sill,  
A woman with a face like thine  
But eyes more sweet and still,  
Who prays across the gathered dusk  
To guard her child from ill.”

“My God, my God, I fear to look  
Lest there be no man by!  
If this be but a fever-dream  
O let me sleep and die,  
And never know a blessed ghost  
From home had heard my cry!”

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

"See me, touch me, let thy head  
On my bosom weigh.  
This the kiss your mother sent  
That on your lips I lay."  
"Yes—it is hers—no other drives  
The awful pain away—  
I think—that I could fall asleep—  
If you—would only—stay."

"Rest thee, rest thee on my breast,  
Let the deep sleep come,  
Rest thee, rest thee, soldier lad,  
Time is past to roam.  
Waking, I shall still be near  
And we shall be at home."

## FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

### 185. *The Cow Path*

N<sup>O</sup> chain has covered its distance, nor needle pointed  
the way;  
Up the rugged, sun-parched hillside it leads to  
cranny and glade,  
Where a brook down moss-green ledges tosses a silver  
spray,  
And 'tis cool in the hottest noontide,—that's where the  
trail is laid,  
The long trail, the wild trail, the trail that the cows  
have made.  
Skirting boulder and hillock it winds off into the woods;  
In spring the early saxifrage, like billows of fragrant  
foam,  
And violets, yellow and blue and white, peering under  
their hoods,



## FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Blossom along the borders of the hard-packed pasture  
loam;

Blossom and nod on the borders of the trail where  
the cows come home.

Freed from shutter and roof-tree when new green tints  
the hill,

And every last year's mullein stalk is tipped with a  
singing bird,

Come, let us take to the open and follow the trail at will,  
Bringing our feet to the good brown earth that spring  
has leavened and stirred;

Climbing, up the hill climbing in the wake of the  
gypsy herd.

We shall hear the winds of summer softening through the  
pine,

We shall find the purple trillium by the root of a  
beechen tree;

Faring along together, you and I and the kine,

One quest theirs to follow, and another for you and  
me,

Up the long trail, the steep trail, where beasts and  
men go free.

Are there other pathways, tell me, that lead to holier  
things—

Chickadees in the hemlocks, a winter wren in the  
brush,

The drumming call of the ruffed grouse beating his  
lover's wings,

And the song that fills the wood's edge after the sun-  
set's flush,—

The wild, sweet hymn of the pasture sung by a hermit  
thrush?

## FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Come, then; for the day is ready, and spring is on the land;

Over the hill the saxifrage is spilling its fragrant foam,

There is peace in the winds of heaven, and treasure on every hand;

We will fill our cups with gladness as up the trail we roam,

As down the trail at set of sun we follow the cattle home.

## STOKELY S. FISHER

186.                   *Under the Dead Stars*

THE Roman road to the ferry! A bullet, a dagger's prod—

Oh frail is the lock of the gate, one need not wait for God!

But what was your welcome, I wonder, there in the land of souls?

Were you met with the flash of swords and of angry aureoles

When you rushed, uncalled, to the Presence? Or did they extend kind hands,

The guarding angels there, with a pity that understands?

The Roman road to the ferry! Oh you could not endure  
The patient days of the toiler, the burdens which bend the poor!

It seemed to you disgrace to yield the patrician place,  
So the fate of Brutus and Cato you challenged with smiling face,

Nor ever guessed of the courage that shames the sword of Rome

In the humble service of love, the labor that guards the home!

## STOKELY S. FISHER

The Roman road to the ferry! Alas that ever the burden  
Laid hard on the human heart should seem to outweigh  
the guerdon;

That the eyes should so be filled with dust and sweat and  
blood

They see not the winter seed, but only behold the mud!  
Alas for the pagan despair, and the spirit in forming  
flawed,

That know not Golgotha's midnight is only the shadow  
of God!

The Roman road to the ferry! O victim of brigand days,  
All see the post deserted; who dares to give you praise?  
The weakest who stays and strives at least has courage  
to live;

Though you may be forgiven, there was something to  
forgive!

You turned your back to failure, you fled away in the  
night,

But, oh, could you return, would you now not stand  
and fight?

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

187.

### *Overtones*

I HEARD a bird at break of day  
Sing from the autumn trees  
A song so mystical and calm,  
So full of certainties,  
No man, I think, could listen long  
Except upon his knees.  
Yet this was but a simple bird,  
Alone, among dead trees.

## WITTER BYNNER

188.

### *The Golden Heart*

I HAD a heart as good as gold  
For spending or for buying:  
It bought me many a hand to hold  
And many a breath for sighing.

It bought me many a mouth to kiss,  
And many a secret token—  
But what's the good of all of this  
Now that my heart is broken!

My heart that once, as good as gold,  
Bought anything that mattered  
Is like a tale completely told,  
Like golden money scattered . . .

But somewhere there's a heart so young  
It still can spare for spending  
Will sing the song that I have sung,  
Beginning with my ending.

## BEATRICE WASHBURN

189.

### *The Road to Asola*

AS we rode down to Asola  
A thousand years ago,  
The olive trees beside the way  
Bent down their heads so low  
To watch us as we passed along,  
And, on the hills near by,  
The almond flowers softly laid  
Their cheeks against the sky.

We knew the road to Asola  
Those centuries ago.  
The glad acacias lightly danced  
Along the fields to show

## BEATRICE WASHBURN

A golden pathway for our feet;  
We wandered where it led.  
The eucalyptus gravely bowed  
Their crowns above our head.

Along the road to Asola  
We rode in years gone by.  
We watched the drowsy mountains melt  
Into the evening sky.  
We saw the tired sun go down  
And fall across our way.  
While down the valleys sang the sea  
Just as it does today.

## G. A. PORTERFIELD

190.

### *In Hospital*

HOW often have I heard the wind night-long  
Making wild music in the tops of trees  
Yet lulled and soothed by that mighty song  
Sunk dreamwards into hollow, shadowy ease:  
Each gust had seemed the chime of some low gong  
Swelling together in vast symphonies . . .  
Tonight the wind seems sinister and strong  
And stirs my heart to dark and stormy seas.

Here hang low-burning lamps: dim figures pass  
And repass, ghostly in the quietness  
Like shadows mirrored in an antique glass,  
The still white cots . . .

And outside storm and stress  
The thunder and the beating of great wings;  
I think it is death's dreadful pinionings . . .

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

191.

### *Sanctuary*

SWEET over me, O lovely winds  
That shake the tasseled oak.  
The patience of the ancient earth  
Turns blossom at your stroke:  
The very grievance of the air  
Thins out to silver smoke.

Sweep over me, O youthful winds,  
And I will lie as dead  
Upon the leaves that lived last year,  
With new leaves overhead.  
Has your beneficence no balm  
For hearts grown wearied?

There's weariness of labor done  
That dark and sleep appease:  
There's fragrant weariness of flesh  
Delightfuller than ease:  
But there's a weariness that comes  
More wearily than these,

With neither blossoms in its hair,  
Nor sleepy sound of rain,  
Nor bearing ointments to allay  
The heart that's sick with pain.  
There is a weariness that comes  
And does not go again.

O ancient earth that never tires,  
O heavens that renew,  
O winds that foam and flash and blow  
Forever fresh as dew,  
There is a wounded thing that lies  
Face-down and calls on you.

SARA TEASDALE

192.

*In a Burying Ground*

**T**HIS is the spot where I will lie  
When life has had enough of me,  
These are the grasses that will blow  
Above me like a living sea.

These gay old lilies will not shrink  
To draw their life from death of mine,  
And I will give my body's fire  
To make blue flowers on this vine.

"O soul," I cried, "have you no tears,  
Was not the body dear to you?"  
I heard my soul say carelessly,  
"The myrtle-flowers will grow more blue."

WITTER BYNNER

193.

*Grenstone*

**"I**S there such a place as Grenstone?"  
Celia, hear them ask!—  
Tell me, shall we share it with them?  
Shall we let them breathe and bask

On the windy, sunny pasture,  
Where the hill-top turns its face  
Toward the valley of the mountain,  
Our beloved place?

Shall we show them through our churchyard,  
With its crumbling wall  
Set between the dead and living?  
Shall our willowed waterfall,

Blueberries and pines and bluebirds,  
Be a secret we shall share? . . .  
If they make but little of it,  
Celia, shall we care?

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

194.

*The Woman at Home*

EACH at her post we women stand;  
Mine is the safer, easier part—  
And yet there is an iron band  
Of envy round my heart  
For her, the weary nurse who spent  
Those last dear moments at his side,  
The woman who in pity bent  
And kissed him when he died.

CALE YOUNG RICE

195.

*Atavism*

I LEANT out over a ledging cliff and looked down into  
the sea,  
Where weed and kelp and dulse swayed, in green  
translucency;  
Where the abalone clung to the rock and the star-fish  
lay about,  
Purpling the sands that slid away under the silver trout.  
And the sea-urchin too was there, and the sea-anemone.  
It was a world of watery shapes and hues and wizardry.  
And I felt old stirrings wake in me, under the tides of  
time,  
Sea-hauntings I had brought with me out of the ancient  
slime.  
And now, as I muse, I cannot rid my senses of the spell  
That in a tidal trance all things around me drift and  
swell  
Under the sea of the Universe, down into which strange  
eyes  
Keep peering at me, as I peered, with wonder and sur-  
mise.



## HERBERT J. HALL

196.

### *Music of Great Spaces*

**M**USIC of great spaces, mighty organ tones  
That leap along arched roofs, that crash and  
break

Against high walls, that whisper faint and thin  
Through quiet naves and chapels. Voice of worship,  
Voice of prayer, voice of the mute who kneel,  
Who worship but who know not how to pray.  
What need of measured chant or halting word  
While these great sounds go rolling, tumbling, rolling,  
And spirit answers spirit everywhere!

## G. A. PORTERFIELD

197.

### *A Carol for Christmas: 1917*

“**G**OD rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay . . .”  
Yes, rest you all, who gallantly

Go forward to the fray,  
And may you see who so go forth  
Some happier Christmas Day.

Adventurers for England's sake  
Who these grim ways now roam,  
God rest you all this Christmas Day  
So far away from home,  
Far from the villages and downs  
That lie twixt Thames and Frome.

And you, O gallant gentlemen,  
This Christmas Day who sleep  
Alone far out on lonely fields,  
Who never more shall keep  
The Christmas-tide, God send to you  
Untroubled dreams and deep.

## G. A. PORTERFIELD

“God rest you merry, gentlemen”:  
The living and the gay,  
The very gallant gentlemen . . .  
“Let nothing you dismay:  
Our Saviour Jesu Christ was born  
This blessed Christmas Day.”

## BLISS CARMAN

198.

### *After a Parting*

(Written after what proved to be Mr. Carman's last good-by  
to James Whitcomb Riley)

WHAT ails the air in Denmark,  
And darkness all the day?  
There is a shadow on the place,  
Since Hamlet went away.

The morning and the noonday  
Are no more magical,  
And no more comes the witchery  
That fell with evenfall.

There is no heart in laughter,  
There is no cheer in wine,  
Even the women's shining eyes  
Have somehow veiled their shine.

There is no royal presence,  
No smile to bless the day,  
No word to make us gladder, now  
The prince is gone away.

The fair and wide-spread city,  
That used to bask in gold  
Under the mellow autumn sun,  
Is dull and gray and cold.

## BLISS CARMAN

The street-cries that were music  
To herald in the morn,  
Under a wintry twilight now  
Fall minor and forlorn.

The lamps that flashed at sunset  
Across the purple square  
To make a twinkling fairyland,  
Are dimmer than they were.

No lights are in the palace,  
No crowd about the door,  
The chain is rusting on the gate,  
And dark is Elsinore.

There's something drear in Denmark  
That saddens every day,  
For lonely-hearted is the place  
Since Hamlet went away.

## DAVID MORTON

199.

### *Immortalis*

ALL loved and lovely women dear to rhyme:  
Thais, Cassandra, Helen and their fames,  
Burn like tall candles through forgotten time,  
Lighting the Past's dim arras with their names.  
Around their faces wars the eager dark  
Wherein all other lights are sunken now,  
Yet, casting back, the seeker still may mark  
A flame of hair, a bright immortal brow.

## DAVID MORTON

Surely, where they have passed, one after one,  
Wearing their radiance to the darkened room,—  
Surely, new-comers to Oblivion  
May still descry in that all-quenching gloom,  
Rare faces lovely, lifted and alight,  
Like tapers burning through the windy night.

## VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

200.

### *The Little House*

A LITTLE house, that sheltered lies  
Near to the wood and field;  
I see it when serenest skies  
Burnish the river's shield,  
And all the meadows mystic are  
With twilight's subtle grace,  
Yet friendlier for the fallen star  
Of daisy and Queen's Lace.

A homely lane comes wandering down  
Where bloom and brier meet,  
And wildrose weaving, like life's crown,  
Its bitter thorn and sweet;  
Pansies and pinks and mignonette,  
And precious olden things  
All linger here, lest we forget  
How luminous Time's wings.

My candle shines on an autumn night  
When the rack of a wild wind blows;  
God grant it send a kindly light  
To a soul that lonely goes!  
Here, at the last, I find these best:  
Stars that are calm and wise,

## VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

Work, and the brooding wings of rest,  
With peace and memories. . . .

O little house, in the sunset gleam,  
Yet never wrought by hand:  
He only, Who has given the dream,  
Knows where you waiting stand!

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

### 201. *Song in Autumn*

**S**HALL it be sad, the song that I shall sing,  
Now that the paths are strewn with ruined  
gold?

Shall it be set to some low plaintive string,  
Now that the year grows old?

Shall it be tuned to sorrow, to some chord  
Of mourning, like the sobbing of the pines,  
Now the last rose-leaves lie upon the sward,  
And the swift year declines?

Nay, love, no song I fashion shall be thus,  
But filled with joy, with vernal rapturing!  
What grievous thing can autumn hold for us  
Who in our hearts find spring!

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

### 202. *The Christ-Child*

**T**HE ancient Star of Promise  
Stands in the quiet sky,  
Above deserted trenches  
Where staring dead men lie.  
A wounded boy beholding  
That far prophetic ray  
Is talking to his mother,  
As fevered memories stray,

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

Of Shepherds and of Angels,  
Of a Baby in the hay.

A candle softly shining,  
A wavering, wind-blown spark;  
A woman at a window  
Is gazing thro' the dark.  
"Keeper of Lights," she whispers.  
"To whom all lights are one,  
By candle-light or star-light,  
Before the night is done,  
Guide Thou the wandering footsteps  
Of the Christ-Child to my son."

Across the peaceful midnight  
Rushes a blazing shell,  
It bursts above the trenches  
A lurid star of hell;  
And by its glare illumined,  
Fearless and undefiled,  
Moving among the dead men  
A little Shining Child;  
The dying boy said, "Brother!"  
And all the dead men smiled.

## JOHN HALL WHELOCK

203.

### *Mockery*

IN dreams you come to mock me, in deep night  
When dark is all the earth and slumber-still,  
Save for the streaming of the pale starlight  
And far-off wailing of the whippoorwill.

## JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Then through the room that held you once you move  
With the old carelessness and dear disdain,  
And lift your hands up in the way I love—  
And the old ritual we repeat again.

Still from your lips that secret I entreat—  
The riddle still unanswered evermore—  
And to your lips your finger-tip in sweet  
Command you lift and silence as before;

And in the pallor of the waning night,  
Laughing, but silently, you fade away:  
And morning glimmers, and the feeble light  
Widens into the common blaze of day.

## BADGER CLARK

### 204. *Latigo Town*

**Y**OU and I settled this section together;  
Youthful and mettled and wild were we then.  
You were the gladdest town out in the weather;  
I was the maddest young scamp among men.  
Latigo Town, ay, Latigo Town,  
Child of the mesa sun-flooded and brown.  
That hour of gracious romance and good leather,  
Splendid, audacious, comes never again.

Many a rover as brash as a sparrow,  
Loping in over the amethyst plains,  
Reined for your spinning roulette and your faro,  
Light-hearted sinning and fiddled refrains.  
Latigo Town, ay, Latigo Town,  
We made a past you are still living down,  
Keen for a tussle, with salt in our marrow,  
Steel in our muscles and sun in our veins!

## BADGER CLARK

Rowels that jingled and rigs that were tattered,  
Yet how we tingled to dreams that were high!  
Slim was the treasure we gathered and scattered,  
But can you measure the wind and the sky?

Latigo Town, ay, Latigo Town,  
Freedom and youth were a robe and a crown.  
Then we were bosses of riches that mattered,  
Laughing at losses of things you can buy.

Town that was fiery and careless and Spanish,  
Boy that was wiry and wayward and glad—  
Over the border to limbo they vanish;  
Progress and order decreed they were bad.  
Latigo Town, ay, Latigo Town,  
Pursy with culture and civic renown,  
Never censorious progress can banish  
Dreams of the glorious youth that we had!

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

### 205. *A Love-Song*

THIS is the love-song we today are singing—  
The song of her who, blessing, most is blest:  
Giver of dreams that set the soul far winging,  
And bring it home to rest.

This is the song of her, our fount of being,  
The pilot of our hope, where'er we go:  
Of her—the brave, the patient, the foreseeing—  
To whom our all we owe.

The wronged, oppressed,—what poor, unfriended comer  
Has not, with her, found shelter safe from storm?—  
A smile of welcoming as sweet as summer,  
A heart as deep and warm?



## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Can we have voice today for others' praises,  
When evil and disaster threaten her?

Ah, no! a passion that man's soul upraises,  
New-born in us, doth stir

At thought of her, belov'd, who shows us living  
Is not the mere continuance of breath,  
Giving her favored ones a joy of giving,  
Ineffable in death!

## LOUIS UNTERMEYER

206. *Fantasy*

A BIRD ran up the onyx steps of night,  
Seeking the moon upon her silver throne;  
But insolent stars confused him with their light  
And left him in the friendless skies, alone.

He watched the winds, disheveled and awry,  
Hurling the clouds, like pillows from their beds;  
He saw the mountain peaks that nudged the sky,  
Take off the wreaths of sunset from their heads.

He heard the storms, a troupe of headstrong boys,  
Locked up as punishment for petulant tears,  
Beat on the ebony doors with such a noise,  
That all the angels had to hold their ears.

Frightened, he left the halls of thundering sound  
For a less dazzling height, a lowlier dream;  
And, perching on a watery bough, he found  
The moon, her white laugh rippling from the  
stream.

## JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

207. .

### *The Still Trees*

I THANK you, Elm and Beech and all my friends  
That live so wisely on the happy hills,  
I thank you for your silence. Even a friend  
(Especially a friend) must have his moods,  
His long still days of dreaming silence spent  
In strange communion with his soul and God.

And you, my friends, have chosen for your silence  
The slow lean months of winter. All the burdens  
And all the joys of this embattled earth  
You dare forget, so that your soul and God  
May have their hour of studious solitude.

So I, O friends, who walk among you now,  
Go searching inward to the soul in me,  
And bend my dreams unto the God we know.  
I thank you, Elm and Beech and all my friends  
That live so wisely on the happy hills.

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

208.

### *In Our Yard*

MOSES, Moses, seeing God  
In a bush that burned,  
Moses, Moses, hearing God  
Advising, unconcerned,

I believe you, for myself  
Saw him plain and heard—  
Others saw a myrtle bush  
That held a mocking-bird.

## NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

209.

### *The Hill o' Dreams*

THE hill o' dreams? Ten days ago  
The landscape looked brown, flat, and bare,  
No rolling country anywhere;  
You came upon my sight, and lo,  
The hill o' dreams!

It is a Fairy hill I climb,  
Through magic country all unseen  
Until I knew what might have been,  
Found you, and in that moment's time  
The hill o' dreams.

## MARGARET WIDDEMER

210.

### *The Story-Book's End*

NOW their sorrows are done and through,  
Closed and done, for the book is over,  
Golden head of the princess true  
On the golden heart of the prince her lover!  
What are all of the nets that bound them,  
All of the bars between them laid,  
Now that Joy and True Love have crowned them,  
Now that Fate has condoned, repaid!

Not for them is the loss of laughter,  
Age, or weariness each of each,  
Theirs is happiness ever after,  
Loyal friendship and loving speech;  
Lover-passion that does not alter,  
Tender whispers that never tire—  
Leave them now, where no love can falter,  
Fair and young, with their heart's desire!

## MARGARET WIDDEMER

Would that we might be swift to follow—

We, who know that all life goes still  
Now with grief to the shadowed hollow,

Now with joy to the sunny hill—  
Theirs is happiness ever new. . . .

Close the book, for the tale is over,  
Golden head of the princess true  
On the golden heart of the prince her lover!

## RICHARD BURTON

### 211. *Rhyme for Remembrance of May*

REMEMBER May?

RO, till no more a color tincts the spray,  
And Life's last branch goes bloomless; aye,  
my Dear,

So long I shall remember that sweet year  
And sweeter meeting, that divine soft day.

Remember you?

What glamour of May I listen to

Or see, must have your voice, plead from your eyes.

I swear that month was dropped from Paradise

To date our dream, and bring the dreaming true!

May means remembering you!

## VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

### 212. *Isle of Dreams*

OFAR, far away, where the kind winds blow,  
Where the sea calls loud, and the sky leans  
low,

Where the wild duck lingers and the lone gull cries,  
A little isle of dreams, in solitude lies.

## VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

Greener than all, where marsh grasses sweep,  
And lullaby waves are whispering of sleep,  
In and out the glistening ways each little white boat  
A-rock with its joy is a lily-bud afloat!

O, heart, my heart, if today, ay, today  
We trod the marsh meadows, down the leaf-strewn  
    way,  
Mirrored between rushes, with sky, bird and bough,  
Would the wind in the pine murmur, "Child, is it  
    thou?"

Fold me, Memory, once as before,  
My feet fare not with sunset on the shore,  
They are set in the dust of the hard-worn track  
And the wind of Today, it bloweth not back.

It bloweth not back, yet dust bears to me  
The call of the marshes and the cry of the sea,  
Till the heart leans and listens,—ay, now, even now,  
For the wind in the pine to murmur, "It is thou!"

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

### 213.                   *April Song*

**A**PRIL.—and I go down the land with singing;  
    Surges of song about me ebb and flow,  
    Notes from the bluebird and the robin winging,  
    And blithe wind-lyrics that the wild flowers know.

Jack-in-the-pulpit perks his head and listens  
    To the low laughter of the willow leaf;  
And where the dew upon the mosses glistens  
    The budding bluebell has forgot its grief.

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

April,—and I go down the land in rapture,  
All the keen rapture olden lovers knew;  
What joy, beloved, is there left to capture  
When I may go with April and with you!

## DAVID MORTON

### 214. *Five O'Clock*

**I**N the old times of golden-gowned Romance,  
When deeds wore grace, and color clung to speech  
When days were rich in splendid circumstance,  
And living had a gesture and a reach,—  
Then had we been what figures in a tale!  
You, with your crown of bronze and cloudy hair,  
Child of what castle—till my dinted mail  
Gleamed on your drawbridge, and you met me there  
Who knows what roads we might have gone together  
Helped by what friars to evening crust and ale  
With candles sputtering in the windy weather . . .  
Something . . . my soul remembers . . . and give  
hail  
To you who sit there, pouring out my tea,  
Something . . . remembers . . . “Yes, ah, thank  
you—three.”

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

### 215. *A Song for Marching Men*

**O**WHO will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
A martial song with a swing in it,  
With measured rhythm and ring in it,  
The breath of a deathless thing in it,  
A song for marching men.

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
A gallant song with a cheer in it,  
A tender song with a tear in it,  
And never a taint of fear in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
Trumpet and bugle and fife in it,  
The passion and pride of life in it,  
And the old mad joy of strife in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
With iron and blood and ruth in it,  
Vision and beauty and truth in it,  
Terrible pathos of youth in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
With a sacred wordless space in it,  
With a clinging last embrace in it,  
A song with a woman's face in it,  
A song for marching men.

O who will give us a song for them,—  
The silent marching men?  
A scorn for the tyrant's rod in it,  
A thought of the crimsoned sod in it,  
A faith in the Living God in it,  
A song for marching men.

## EDITH IVES WOODWORTH

216.

### *Aspiration*

UNTIL I've had my fill  
Of bluebells blowing by the hill,  
Until the vision of the pine  
Above the threading trail is mine,  
Delay my steps to Thee,  
O God of far Infinity!

Until the blue-eyed children bring  
Shadow-flowers of shining spring,  
Until from mists and fields they roam  
Laughing to the fires of home,  
Delay my steps to Thee,  
O God of far Infinity!

Until the passion-flower dies  
Her death into the blood-red skies,  
Until outflaming France is white,  
Her lilies holy in the light,  
Delay my steps to Thee,  
O God of far Infinity!

## SCUDDER MIDDLETON

217.

### *The Prisoners*

SHE came among us and we lived.  
As unassuming as the day  
That seeks no boon or token,  
She came her elemental way  
And healed us who were broken.

The faith that we had put aside  
In years when we were master men,  
Returned with her like flowers  
The knowing spring lures back again,  
To help the tired hours.



## SCUDDER MIDDLETON

So we began to see and know.  
She brought the light and taught the truth  
To us poor fools of duty.  
It was her unimpeded youth  
That filled our lives with beauty.

They saw no change when she had gone.  
But we, who seemed so very old,  
Had snapped our chains to follow  
Her face, that was the rainbow's gold,  
Her heart, that was the swallow.

## KATHARINE LEE BATES

218.      *The Dead of the Tuscania*

**F**AR on the wild Scotch coast our boys are sleeping  
Between the solemn cliffs and chanting waters,  
Our soldiers, side by side in peaceful trenches,  
Clad in their khaki, confined in fresh timber,  
Or sheeted, quiet score by score, in canvas;  
Their brief, brave struggle over, there they rest them  
Where nevermore shall enemy molest them.  
Their country blesses all who did them honour,  
The fishermen who sought those broken bodies  
Among the rocks, the grief-wise Scottish women  
Who all night long before the burial labored  
Stitching with mother-tears a Starry Banner,  
That so their flag might wave above them, lying  
At their supreme salute of loyal dying.  
Far from their prairie farms and inland cities,  
Their sleep is listening to a new, strange music,  
Thunder of stormy tides and cry of seagulls,  
A mightier organ, but the same proud anthem  
That shaped the hero dreams of childhood, Courage,  
Faith, Sacrifice; and they, beloved, lamented,  
Slumber like tired boys at home, contented.

M. E. BÜHLER

219.

*In a Colonial Churchyard*

TO God the glory! We, who lie  
Humbly beneath the quiet sky,  
Have drawn the water, hewn the wood,  
And made the best of life we could,  
Winning the sweetness born of strength  
And, through much striving, peace at length.

Great were the perils in our way,  
And hard the labors of that day;  
But over all the blue sky bent,  
And winding through the meadows went  
The wide "Greate River" to the sea,  
Catching the sunlight gloriously!

\* \* \* \*

Still on the blue horizon sleep  
The curving hill lines; and there sweep  
Cloud shadows over vale and hill,  
Now chased by sunlight, and now still;  
The locusts chant amid the trees;  
Above the clover hum the bees;  
And crickets chirping in the grass  
Make sweet the long days as they pass.

To God the glory! We, who dwelt  
Long in these quiet vales, have felt  
All that there is in life to feel,—  
Its depths of woe, its heights of weal;  
And to our children's children leave  
Inheritance to joy and grieve,  
And fight triumphantly as we!  
To God the glory still shall be!

## CALE YOUNG RICE

220.

### *To a Solitary Sea-Gull*

LONE white gull with sickle wings,  
You reap for the heart inscrutable things:  
Sorrow of mists and surf of the shore,  
Winds that sigh of a nevermore;  
Fret of foam and flurry of rain,  
Swept far over the troubled tide;  
Maths of mystery and gray pain  
The sea's voice ever yields, beside:  
Lone white gull you reap for the heart  
Life's most sad and inscrutable part.

## EUGENE PERRY

221.

### *West to East*

YOU watch and abide on the sunrise side;  
We keep the twilight rim.  
With rifle and spade the trail has been made,  
At the price of our life and limb.  
For the way was long, the least odds great,  
And our only security shooting straight;  
But believe it, or leave it as empty boast—  
We hold it between us, coast to coast.  
  
Your eyes are bright with the morning light;  
We walk in the sunset shade.  
Yet, a touch of the key brings us knee to knee,  
Friendly and unafraid.  
'Tis yours to read what the world intends,  
'Tis ours to answer our common ends;  
We're answering now from the farthest post—  
We'll hold it between us, coast to coast.

## SARA TEASDALE

222.

### *Red Maples*

**I**N the last year I have learned  
How few men are worth my trust;  
I have seen the friend I loved  
Struck by death into the dust,  
And fears I never knew before  
Have knocked and knocked against my door—  
“I will hope little and ask for less,”  
I said, “There is no happiness.”  
  
I have grown wise at last—but how  
Can I hide the gleam of the willow-bough?  
Or keep the fragrance out of the rain  
Now that April is here again?  
When maples stand in a haze of fire  
What can I say to the old desire,  
What shall I do with the joy in me  
That is born out of agony?

## ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

223.

### *Fairy Ring*

**I** STEPPED within the fairy ring,  
Where it was green, so green!  
Then I heard the trill of a fairy bell,  
And the song of the Fairy Queen.  
  
The secret that she murmured me,  
To the trill of the fairy bell,  
Was sweet, so sweet you'd not believe  
If I should try to tell.  
  
But step you too in the fairy ring,  
And hold fast to my hand;  
Then we may hear a lovelier thing,  
And both will understand!

## KENNETH RAND

224.

### *"Limited Service Only"*

I AM not one of those the gods' decision  
Has chosen for that highest gift of all—  
The sacrifice, the splendor, and the vision—  
To fight, and nobly fall:

And yet I know—what though it be but dreaming!  
Should the day hang on some last desperate hope,  
I—I—could lead one reckless column streaming  
Down some shell-tortured slope.

To face the shadow-hell of Death's own Valley  
With eyes unclouded and unlowered head—  
Know, for an instant, one ecstatic rally  
And then be cleanly dead.

## DAVID MORTON

225.

### *Maple Avenue*

OCTOBER streets where yellow leaves are lying,  
The tall, gray houses and a ruined wall,  
The thinning trees where gusty winds are sighing,  
The smell of wood smoke blowing through it all,—  
And you beside me, silent where we go  
Past windows showing fires against the damp,—  
We find no word to say the thing we know:  
The fire unkindled and the unlit lamp.

Often my love has been a storm that beat  
Wide wings about my heart, too hot oppressed;  
But not today;—here, in this twilit street,  
Its want is all of quiet things, and rest:  
A door to enter in on such a night,  
And blinds to draw, and early fires to light.

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

226.

*October*

**O** DAY of smoke and flame,  
O ancient festal Day!  
Upon the altars of the earth  
The heavenly fires play.  
All passion, all desire,  
Fulfillment, prophecy,—  
Fuse into one consummate hour  
Of quiet ecstasy.

Before those veiled hills,  
The lake adoring lies;  
And shadowed in the quiet lake  
A migrant legion flies.  
The meadow grass is mown,  
In withered sheaves the grain;  
And where the corn stood tall and sweet,  
The stubble gleams again.

Again the hidden rites,  
The old mysterious haze;  
Again the leafy miracle,  
The sacrificial blaze.  
Up from the sacred fires  
A fragrant mist distills,  
As incense round a temple-dome,  
It floats about the hills.

The plow-man drives his blade  
In furrows deep and long;  
"Flowers to the earth, earth to the sun,"  
The plow's primeval song.  
My soul, an upturned field  
The autumnal sun hath blessed,  
Drinks of the ancient promises  
And gives herself to rest.

## THERESA VIRGINIA BEARD

O Day of smoke and flame,  
O sacrificial Day!  
Upon the altars of the earth  
The heavenly fires play;  
All passion, all desire,  
Fulfillment, prophecy,—  
Fuse into one consummate hour  
Of quiet ecstasy.

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

### 227. *The Infantry That Would Not Yield*

AH, yes; the French surprise us constantly;  
A something in their spirit is so fine! . . .  
I was in Paris when the famous Line  
Went through after Verdun, and so could see  
How a whole people, putting by its cares,  
Came crowding to the well-loved thoroughfares  
To view the men—not all—not all, alas!—  
Who, in a fateful hour of fear and woe,  
Stood as a wall defensive 'gainst the foe,  
And said:—*They shall not pass!*

How surely these had saved her Paris knew—  
Heroes who fronting Death turned not aside!  
Her heart beat faster as they nearer drew,  
And swelled with unimagined love and pride.  
Artillery and cavalry went by,—  
The plaudits of the people reached the sky!  
But for the infantry— At sight of these,  
A poignant silence fell upon the crowd:  
In reverence the people's heads were bowed,  
And they were on their knees.

Ah, yes; the French surprise us constantly!

## LOUIS UNTERMEYER

228.

### *Wonder*

THE poets cry, the preachers drone  
Of glories that are never heard.  
And yet the moon, a worn white stone,  
Says all they say without a word.  
Their praise is loud, they smite the air  
With eloquent and clashing zeal;  
They force their love, while they declare  
'Tis only half of what they feel.  
Their thundering speech is quickly done;  
Hushed by the deathless hymn that flows  
From the mute passion of the sun,  
The burning silence of a rose.

## M. A. MORTLAND

229.

### *A Prayer in War-Time*

GUARD my beloved, God above!  
Keep thou his young soul, in thy love,  
Shining, untarnished, close to thee.  
Through all the hell that he must see  
Grant his sweet spirit may endure,  
Shield his high courage, gay and sure,  
With that quick tenderness of heart—  
Our blessing, and his ready art.  
But if this breaking world must be  
Cleansed and renewed by agony,  
In sore travail that none may spare—  
Since weeping is my woman's share—  
In mercy for his nineteen years  
Count for his debt of pain my tears,  
As through the drear long nights I keep  
Sentry with him who must not sleep,



## M. A. MORTLAND

Lonely, afar. To suffer twice  
Were for his weal so small a price!  
Take all my life may hold of light  
When a new dawning shall requite  
All this strife-torn, grief-ransomed earth,  
And give to me, so little worth,  
Place with the broken things of sorrow  
In today's shadow. But the morrow  
Save thou his splendid youth to leaven:  
Guard my beloved, God of heaven!

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

230.

### *Autumn Wanderers*

LET us go, love, hand in hand,  
Wandering through the autumn land  
When October spreads its gold  
Lavishly, bright fold on fold!  
Following the feet of morn  
Past the garnered fields of corn,  
Past the crimson-pennoned pomp  
Of the woodbines in the swamp,  
Where they climb and where they cling,  
Wandering, wandering!

Hand in hand, love, let us go  
'Neath October's gleam and glow  
When the mellow south winds swoon  
In the languid heart of noon!  
And there is no sound at all  
Save a hidden bird's far call  
("Whip-poor-will, oh, whip-poor-will")  
Luring us to mount the hill  
With its iterative ring,  
Wandering, wandering!

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

Let us go, love, hand in hand,  
Homeward o'er the ripened land  
When October's shadows deep  
Beckon to the House of Sleep,  
Where is rapture, where is rest,  
The content that we hold best,  
With the harvest moon above  
Telling its old tale of love,  
While the minstrel crickets sing,  
Wandering, wandering!

## GEORGE STERLING

### 231. *A Song of Friendship*

FROM earth's horizon, dim and wide  
The stained moon swings free.  
Castor and Pollux, side by side,  
Go downward to the sea.

Thy good sword to my need, O friend!  
And my strong shield to thine.  
How bright, before the darkness end,  
The star-companions shine!

Two hearts may greatly dare the West,  
Where one might know dismay,—  
Two barks join surely in the Quest,  
Where one might miss the way.

## GEORGE STERLING

Face thou with me the immortal sun,  
And counsel me by night!  
In wassail and the deed well done  
We two shall fare a-right.

Ever wast thou the clean, blue blade,  
The comrade of the skies,  
The heart's, the hand's abiding aid,  
With truth in heart and eyes.

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

232.

### *Belgium*

I HAD a dream of Greatness; and I saw—  
Not one enthroned, before whose golden crown  
And jeweled scepter many bowed them down;

Not one full-armored who, more fearful awe  
Inspiring, with war's pestilential breath  
Sowed havoc as he moved, despair and death;

Nay, in my lofty dream, such greatness paled  
Before the image of one nobly fair,  
Despite torn raiment and disheveled hair,

The hope within whose eyes had never failed.  
Victim of unrelenting Tyranny  
That fain would hold her captive, she is free—

Stronger, I wis, than e'en her tyrants be—  
Because of something that hath never died:  
Her glorious, tameless soul, grief-crucified!

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

233.

### *A Rose for France*

SOLDIERS three at a county fair;  
Soldiers—the eldest is only a boy—  
Come to saunter and smile and stare  
And perhaps to let the girls enjoy  
The set of the khaki new and smart  
On the strong young shoulders held so square.  
Clean and sturdy of limb and heart,  
Soldiers three at a county fair.

A Red Cross booth where the workers sit  
All in white, and among them three  
Gentle old women who knit and knit  
In a quaint sweet dress from over the sea—  
Sorrowful flotsam of ravaged France,  
Under their kerchiefs woes untold,  
And their capfrills hide from the careless glance  
The patient eyes of the stricken old.

How should a boy's heart understand  
The glory and grief of those knitters gray?  
A moment's halt for the blithe young band  
Then they drift with the crowd away—  
Ah, but see! they are back again,  
A crimson rose in the hand of each,  
And slowly, clumsily, as it were pain  
To put his soul into speech,

"We fellows thought—" so the eldest spoke  
With a flush that burned to his close-cropped hair,  
"That the old French ladies—" his young voice  
broke—

"Should have a posy to wear."  
France, O France! did you feel that day  
The beating heart of this land of ours  
Close at your side in the heat of the fray,—  
Our love in the blood-red flowers?

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Those lads—and others—shall bring, maybe,  
A brighter rose to your breast, O France,  
When shoulder to shoulder the foe shall see  
Your sons and our own advance—  
The rose you have scattered ungrudgingly  
On the fields where at last we may bear our part—  
A rose with the thorns of Calvary,  
And its root in a mother's heart.

## FLORENCE EARLE COATES

234.

### *A Soldier*

**D**EAR God, I raised my boy to be a soldier;  
I tried to make him strong of will and true;  
I told him many a tale of deeds heroic—  
The noblest and the sweetest tales I knew.

In thought, he shared the charge at Balaclava,  
With the Swiss Guard, o'ermastered coward Death,  
With Gordon all renounced, with Scott and Peary  
Breathed in his ardent youth heroic breath.

A little lad, he wept for wounded Sidney,  
For Bayard, sans reproche, who knew no fears,  
Yet, hurt himself, if one but said,—“My Soldier!”—  
Straightway he smiled and swallowed down his tears.

I taught him that the brave are full of mercy;  
That gentleness and love to strength belong;  
That honour is the only High adventure,  
And goodness the one everlasting song!

And so I raised my boy to be a Soldier:  
A patriot soldier, brave, devoted, free!  
And now, and now,—with grateful trust, O Father!  
I give him to my Country and to Thee!

## HAROLD CRAWFORD STEARNS

235.

### *Echoes*

MY two old salts are funny chaps;  
From dawn till dark they sit outdoors  
With brass-bound books upon their laps  
And talk (I think) of pirate wars.

I watch them from my shadowed lawn  
Across the sprinkled, muddy street.  
Their well-worn blouses loosely drawn  
And carpet slippers on their feet.

Oh, they are garrulous enough  
When no one comes to interfere,  
Because their voices, quick and gruff,  
Are quite the only sounds I hear.

Yet when I cross and join them there  
Where cool, white boughs whisk to and fro,  
They kindly smile, but scorn to share  
The meanest tale of all they know.

We damn the heat in quiet tones . . .  
And each of us, as sure as doom,  
Is dancing under skull and bones  
To clang of sword and cannon boom!

## RICHARD BURTON

236.

### *With a Brooch*

I PLACE this bauble, shot with lovely light,  
Against your bosom and its soft unrest.  
You'll wear it, may be, when some summer night  
By wandering odors and bland airs is blest;  
And those who look, shall say in hushed delight:  
"It has a double beauty—on her breast."

## GEORGE STERLING

237.

### *A Morning Hymn*

**D**ESPITE the Fates' imputed ban,—  
Despise all evil that we see,  
Let us have faith in good to be,  
And in the ascendant soul of man!

No chain shall bind, no distance bar  
The winged heart, the fearless feet  
That from the midnight ran to meet  
The morn below the morning star.

Tho' sages whisper him dismay,—  
Tho' many doubt and many drowse.  
The great foundations of his House  
Man in his vision plans today.

The singing legions yet shall pour  
From out the Future's shadowy gates,  
To meet the challenge of new Fates  
And issues of a vaster War.

To fashion man his shining mail,  
A thousand thousand anvils ring;  
From out his mills new voices sing,  
Assuring that he shall not fail.

Prate not of leisures to the sea,  
Nor taunt with age the blinding sun!  
A myriad years his course has run;  
A myriad seasons yet shall be.

On vassal sea and conquered soil  
Shall man lay mighty hands and sure;  
His flaming purpose shall endure,  
Who yet shall yoke the sun to toil.

## GEORGE STERLING

Lit by that sun within his brain,  
His will shall storm the giants' hold  
Where hide the Energies untold,  
And he shall portion each its chain.

Before his sword's astounding thrust,  
Deathward his ancient foes shall reel,  
Where stranger wars demand his steel,  
In realms now formless in the dust.

No pain shall baffle nor deny  
The legions of his victory.  
"Vitality! Vitality!"  
The billows and the forges cry.

All good the prophets could foretell  
He hears his engines now repeat,  
And from the pathless, holy wheat,  
The promise, "All shall yet be well!"

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

### 238. *The Young Squire*

I HAVE sung me a stave, a stave or two,  
I have drunk me a stoop of wine,  
I have roystered across a world that was dew  
And a sea that was sunlight's brine.

And now I'll go down where the need is not  
Of a singing heart, but a sword;  
I'll fight where the dead men welter and rot  
With the hard-pressed host of the Lord.



## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

And should I come back again, 'twill be  
    With accolade and spurs,  
And many a tale of chivalry,  
    And the deeds of warriors.

And should I not, O break for me  
    No buds nor funeral boughs—  
I go with the noblest company  
    That ever death did house.

## DAVID MORTON

### 239.     *A Gentleman from Stratford Sees             the Play*

FOR all the crowd that packed the house tonight,  
    Marked you the vacant seat none came to claim,—  
    The fourth row from the front, and to the right?—  
    Vacant, I call it now . . . but I could name  
A thing that happened when the lights were off,  
    Of one who walked in buckles down the aisle,  
Wearing a great hat that he scorned to doff,  
    And richly kerchiefed, wrist and neck, in style.

Once in the play—I swear it—once I heard,  
    Along the tumult of our loud applause,  
A sly and ghostly chuckle at a word  
    That Falstaff mouthed with those outrageous  
    jaws. . . .

I think he liked the play . . . and stayed, no doubt,  
    Long after us, and lingered, going out.

## HAROLD CRAWFORD STEARNS

240.

### *The Schoolmaster*

FOUR o'clock and work is over;  
All the little lads and lasses  
Wander home through the clover,  
Through the grasses. . . .

And I can dream—  
Of what?  
Well, Camelot,  
Or border-thieves  
Who have crossed the stream  
And catch the gleam  
Of a town ahead—oh, each horse heaves  
For the day is hot! . . .  
Or let me dream of a city street,  
Where rich-man, poor-man, beggar-man meet;  
A street just shining after a rain,  
Where women, very fair and sweet,  
Flash by in high disdain. . . .

Four o'clock and work is over;  
All the little lads and lasses  
Wander home through the clover,  
Through the grasses. . . .

And I can dream. . . .

Some morning they will find the door  
Bolted; and when the yokels pour  
Into the room, they will see  
Sorry me  
Lying there with my poor, old head  
Open wide, and my dreams on the floor  
And all of us, who were under-fed,  
Quite dead.

## SARA TEASDALE

241.

### *In Memory of J. L. W.*

SHE has gone out upon a quiet journey  
Seeking a goal too great for us to know,  
But she will not be tired, for there is only  
Rest on the roads where she will go.

In the Still Country that she travels over  
Past the last star lifted against the night,  
There will be many a welcome to await her,  
Greetings, and many a friendly light.

To her who gave such welcoming to strangers  
Here on the earth, from her heart's gracious  
store,  
Surely to her Infinity will open  
Door after glowing door.

## WITTER BYNNER

242.

### *Fire-Music*

SPARROW in the heart of birch,  
Ghost who once at set of sun  
Whistled it your home and church,  
Though you see it now undone,

Yet with your memorial mirth  
You can sing like a caress,  
"Never shall a bit of earth  
Die and change to nothingness!"

Spirit in me!—when I die,  
Will you laugh with equal glee?—  
Will you whistle, where I lie,  
Something of the sort for me?

JOHN McCLURE

243.

*Ballad of Broken Tombs*

(A Chaunt of Easter-Eve)

PRIEST Caiaphas brought one hundred men  
Clad glittering and bright  
With beaten blades and javelins  
To guard the tomb by night.

“Ye must seal close the opening,  
Nor let His body pass.  
It is not fit that He should rise  
And walk,” said Caiaphas.

One hundred soldiers clad in steel  
Set seals upon the door,  
They bolted close the opening  
And rolled a stone before.

“This stone will weigh one hundred ton;  
His body cannot pass.  
The father of all heresy  
Is dead,” said Caiaphas.

The high-priest vanished solemnly  
As one who has his will.  
The soldiers sat them down to watch  
Beneath the quiet hill.  
A strange wind quivered in the grass  
And all the world was still.

The world was quiet utterly  
Around them and afar:  
The soldiers could see naught to watch  
Save the new moon and a star. . . .

Betwixt the midnight and the morn  
When the silence was most deep  
An angel walked among them all  
And touched their eyes with sleep,

## JOHN McCLURE

An angel that had touched them all  
To make their vision dim  
Sang low before the sepulcher  
"Elohim! Elohim!"

Then hills and heavens echoed loud  
With an unearthly din:  
The still tombs of the country-side  
Were shaken from within.

And sudden in Jerusalem  
Aghast in their winding-sheets  
The dead who had been dead so long  
Came singing in the streets.

And the bolts of one tomb were broken  
And the stone rent into two  
While the soldiers slept in the moonlight  
And the Christ came walking through.—

He walked so very quietly  
It seemed He never had  
Spent three days in a sepulcher  
And never had been dead.

He walked so quietly between  
They could not hear His feet  
And He walked toward Jerusalem  
Where the dead sang in the street.

Then rose the soldiers open-eyed  
For a great song startled them,  
An angel singing within a tomb  
"Elohim! Elohim!"

They rose from sleep in terror  
But nothing met their eye  
Save an open door in the hillside  
And the white dawn and the sky.

## DAVID MORTON

### 244. *The Kings Are Passing Deathward*

THE Kings are passing deathward in the dark  
Of days that had been splendid where they went;  
Their crowns are captive and their courts are stark  
Of purples that are ruinous, now, and rent.  
For all that they have seen disastrous things:  
The shattered pomp, the split and shaken throne,  
They cannot quite forget the way of Kings:  
Gravely they pass, majestic and alone.

Magnificent in guilt, their faces set  
Toward the eternal night of restless shapes  
They walk in awful splendor, regal yet,  
Wearing their crimes like rich and kingly capes. . . .  
Curse them or taunt, they will not hear or see;  
The Kings are passing deathward: let them be.

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

### 245. *Embers*

NOW winds from polar field and floe  
Sweep down, remorseless in their ire,  
Still burns beneath the ice and snow  
A slumberous heart of fire.

It only waits the kindling breath,  
It only waits the magic name,  
The lyric word that quickeneth,  
To blow it into flame.

Sudden upon some dawning hour,  
When April speaks, we shall behold  
The embers leap to radiant flower  
In gleaming crocus-gold!

## LOUIS UNTERMEYER

246.

### *Asleep*

THESE hands, two nimble butterflies—  
I never saw them at rest;  
Nor knew a tide so regular  
Could move through your stormy breast.  
You loved to meet life dancing  
With glistening steps, till all  
Your fluent body seemed a curve  
In a restless waterfall.  
  
And now you lie here so coldly,  
So unbelievably still;  
A stone on a marble river,  
Ice on a wintry hill.  
Something has made your beauty  
Inscrutable and grave;  
Holding your once warm body  
In the curve of a frozen wave.

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

247.

### *The Piper*

ACROSS the hilltops to the south  
A buoyant breath is borne  
From one who sets a pipe to mouth  
And blows against the morn.  
  
He needs must be a youngling thing  
To sound so blithe a strain;  
Hark, how the streams are answering  
Through shimmering skeins of rain!  
  
From root to twig the sap-floods leap  
That have been dormant long,  
For he has cleft their deep white sleep  
As with the sword of song.

## CLINTON SCOLLARD

Nearer his mounting measures come ;  
The grasses all deploy,  
And dance in green delirium  
To silver notes of joy.

And you may hear the four winds cry  
From shore to shining shore,—  
“Put all your wintry sorrows by,  
For Spring is at your door!”

## MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

248.

### *David*

**D**AVID was a shepherd lad, beautiful as you,  
Sang within a shadowed tent to sooth a king's unrest.

Oh, the bashful years in which he made the songs and  
hoarded them,

By the other shepherd lads all unguessed.

David's song is in a book, for stupid folk to bow before,  
Folk who think it wisdom, which is only lovely song.

You are kin to him, you see beauty in a little moon,

In branches bent to lash you with each faint gray  
thong.

David, when he found his songs—did he use to practice  
them

For a little shepherd maid who marveled at each line?  
When he left his humble task, and drew the king from  
weariness—

She who heard the songs first, was her pride like  
mine?



## CHARLES WHARTON STORK

249.

### *Zuloaga*

**S**ARDONIC master, you that dare betray  
With piercing vision and relentless hand  
The mournful features of a sombre land  
Where youth and love and hope have had their day;  
Your silken señoritas, lissome, gay,  
With soulless eyes inanimately bland;  
Your tinsel toreadors that idly stand  
Against the mountains' monotone of gray;—  
What are they but the puppets of romance  
Worn threadbare, tarnished by an evil time,  
But gallant still for all their sad mischance;  
A pageant of the glories that remain  
Where towered once, exultant and sublime,  
The grim and splendid chivalry of Spain.

## MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

250.

### *Should Beauty Sleep*

**S**HOULD Beauty sleep, and God no longer care  
If crocuses be plentiful or few;  
Or violets their purple vows renew,  
Or nevermore adorn the meadow's hair;  
Or oaks refuse to put on fabrics fair,  
When that the Spring is usual in the land;  
And there be stretched from Heaven a restraining  
hand,  
Though April were but half-way down her stair,—  
Then men would, of a sudden, see, through tears,  
How barren are the ways which they must go,  
Forgetting, in that hour, when the soft flow  
And endless ebb of ocean no one hears,  
How faint the praises given them who kept  
The broad world beautiful, and never slept!

## OSCAR C. WILLIAMS

251.

### *Rain and Night*

**R**AIN and night and tear-eyed mists,  
But high, oh high above them—hark!—  
The sobbing of the unseen stars  
Like children crying in the dark.

Rain and night and cold-cheeked winds  
That wander, careless, through each street  
To watch the masquerading of  
Innumerable little feet.

For where the lamp-posts pave the stones  
With gleaming, stolen wealth, behold!—  
The lightning-footed ripples dance  
A masquerade of black and gold!

And I look on, and strange thoughts come  
Like dreams that have no time and place,  
But hover round a memory  
Of some beloved face.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

252.

### *For Us, the Living*

**T**HEY look upon us through the mystic door—  
Those who have passed, those who shall  
come to birth—  
Waiting for us, the living, to restore  
Beauty and fruitfulness to ravaged earth.  
Where there were trees, there must be trees again,  
Sweet servants of the soil's imperious needs,  
Because the spring must not return in vain  
Nor autumn's bounty waste itself in weeds.

## AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Where there was hope, there must again be hope,  
Immortal beauty shining through the scars,  
Because however men may fall and grope  
They must not lose the everlasting stars.  
It were a work for angels to revive  
The orchard's fragrant ecstasy of flowers,  
To bid the murdered forest wake alive—  
A work for angels—and God makes it ours;  
A still diviner labor to reflower  
The spirit's orchards after hate's red blight,  
And He, the Lord of Life, who understands  
All things, has laid it in our faltering hands.  
O Will of God, upon our hands be power!  
O Love of God, within our hearts be light!

## STOKELY S. FISHER

### 253. *A Voice from the Twilight*

WE of the twilight years that speed toward night  
Are misers hoarding time; we would not rest,  
But plead that we may not be dispossessed  
Of opportunity to use the light  
Still shining for us. Though the hair fade white,  
May not the red flame pulsing in the breast  
Burn bright as ever? Put us to the test!  
We want no arm to lean on, but our right!  
We who have learned to live by living, ask  
No privilege now but to complete our task;  
Our place of use and service we would keep.  
The finer skill may help the failing strength;  
Oh let us live life to its utmost length,  
And then, when comes the sleep time, let us sleep!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

254.

*The Swallows*

(Paris, April, 1918)

OVER the roofs the swallows fly  
In the quiet evening air;  
Though just above the homes of men  
They have not any care.

The women on the balconies  
That watch and seem to see—  
The birds could touch them with their wings,  
They stand so quietly.

So quietly! But if the birds  
Had cognizance of pain,  
Could hear the prayers that quiver past,  
They would not fly again.

HERBERT J. HALL

255.

*Slim Flutes and Viols Gay*

PLAY up, play up to the rising moon  
Slim flutes and viols gay—  
Silent you were in the sultry noon,  
Wake now at the close of day.  
Tall trees await your tuneful sound  
With branches crossed and bare,  
The great moon, still and cool and round,  
Swings low to your far fan-fare.  
How little in the world's great night  
Your simple pipings are—  
How little, yet how sure and right,  
Right as the evening star.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

[The reference is to the number of the poem]

- |                                                                                                                     |                                                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Bates, Katharine Lee, 218.                                                                                          | Cloud, Virginia Woodward, 200, 212.                                       |
| Beach, Joseph Warren, 15, 83, 108, 138, 152.                                                                        | Coates, Florence Earle, 89, 103, 127, 134, 148, 183, 205, 227, 232, 234.  |
| Beard, Theresa Virginia, 111, 159, 202, 215, 226.                                                                   | Cohen, Nina Morais, 5.                                                    |
| Bellows, Henry Adams, 73, 79, 150.                                                                                  | Crozier, Harold B., 18.                                                   |
| Borst, Richard Warner, 16, 38, 74.                                                                                  | Davies, Mary Carolyn, 248.                                                |
| Boutelle, Grace Hodsdon, 130.                                                                                       | Davis, Florence Boyce, 185.                                               |
| Bouvé, Pauline Carrington, 25.                                                                                      | Edgar, William C., 144.                                                   |
| Brown, Abbie Farwell, 223.                                                                                          | Finerty, Louise Foley, 161.                                               |
| Bühler, M. E., 81, 97, 219.                                                                                         | Fisher, Mahlon Leonard, 44, 68, 82, 86, 98, 100, 114, 120, 139, 166, 250. |
| Burr, Amelia Josephine, 30, 36, 46, 50, 51, 52, 58, 66, 69, 75, 84, 94, 95, 101, 112, 146, 151, 182, 194, 233, 252. | Fisher, Stokely S., 105, 186, 253.                                        |
| Burton, Richard, 1, 28, 85, 91, 93, 107, 110, 131, 211, 236.                                                        | Griffith, William, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175.                               |
| Bynner, Witter, 102, 126, 135, 188, 193, 242.                                                                       | Guiterman, Arthur, 177.                                                   |
| Carman, Bliss, 198.                                                                                                 | Hall, Herbert J., 67, 168, 170, 196, 255.                                 |
| Carter, John, 45.                                                                                                   | Hall, James Norman, 106.                                                  |
| Cawein, Madison, 87, 104, 109, 117, 118, 123, 124.                                                                  | Harding, Ruth Guthrie, 149, 153.                                          |
| Clark, Badger, 80, 99, 133, 163, 204.                                                                               | Helburn, Theresa, 154.                                                    |
|                                                                                                                     | Higgins, Aileen Cleveland, 26.                                            |
|                                                                                                                     | Howard, Ethel Barstow, 77.                                                |

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Howe, Herbert Crombie, 140.  
 Jenks, Tudor, 155.  
 Kauffman, Reginald Wright, 35, 55, 62.  
 Kauffman, Ruth, 49.  
 Kenyon, James B., 143, 156.  
 Kilmer, Joyce, 78, 96, 147.  
 Lanyon, Helen, 29, 47.  
 Lawrence, Josephine, 181.  
 Lee, Agnes, 27, 31, 63, 71.  
 Long, Lily A., 12.  
 McCarthy, John Russell, 167, 207.  
 McClure, John, 243.  
 McGill, Anna Blanche, 128.  
 Meredith, George, 20, 21, 22.  
 Middleton, Scudder, 162, 217.  
 Mortland, M. A., 229.  
 Morton, David, 199, 214, 225, 239, 244.  
 Nesbit, E., 72.  
 Northrop, George Norton, 56, 119.  
 O'Connor, Norreys Jephson, 23, 24, 32, 48, 209.  
 Percy, William Alexander, 179, 184, 187, 191, 208, 238, 254.  
 Perry, Eugene, 221.  
 Phelps, Ruth Shepard, 33, 61, 92.  
 Phillips, Stephen, 113, 142.  
 Porterfield, G. A., 190, 197.  
 Price, Warwick James, 65.  
 Rand, Kenneth, 90, 224.  
 Rice, Cale Young, 195, 220.  
 Rollit, Charles Carter, 9.  
 Ryder, C. T., 70, 145.  
 Saxon, Helen A., 17, 37.  
 Scheffauer, Ethel Talbot, 88, 158.  
 Scollard, Clinton, 115, 141, 157, 201, 213, 230, 245, 247.  
 Shepard, Odell, 137.  
 Smith, Louis Worthington, 8, 76.  
 Stearns, Harold Crawford, 235, 240.  
 Sterling, George, 231, 237.  
 Stockton, James Le Roy, 125.  
 Stork, Charles Wharton, 249.  
 Stringer, Arthur, 41.  
 Teasdale, Sara, 122, 164, 165, 180, 192, 222, 241.  
 Terry, Edward H. S., 42.  
 Thompson, Edith, 3, 6, 19, 40, 43, 59.  
 Untermeyer, Louis, 178, 206, 228, 246.  
 Updegraff, Allan, 34.  
 Upson, Arthur, 4, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14.  
 Walsh, Thomas, 39, 57, 60.  
 Washburn, Beatrice, 189.  
 Wells, Stewart, 129.  
 Wheelock, John Hall, 203.  
 Whitney, Josephine, 64.  
 Widdemer, Margaret, 116, 121, 160, 169, 176, 210.  
 Wilkinson, Marguerite, 132, 136.  
 Williams, Oscar C., 251.  
 Wilson, Margaret Adelaide, 53, 54.  
 Woodworth, Edith Ives, 2, 216.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|                                                                      | No. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| A bird ran up the onyx steps of night . . .                          | 206 |
| A friend of mine is dead at length today . . .                       | 116 |
| A hill said to another hill . . .                                    | 125 |
| A little house that sheltered lies . . .                             | 200 |
| A monk once labored in a lonely cell . . .                           | 24  |
| A sweet, deep sense of mystery filled the wood . . .                 | 82  |
| A thin voice in the darkness all night long . . .                    | 88  |
| A town called Heart's Content . . .                                  | 135 |
| A wilding little stubble flower . . .                                | 21  |
| Across the hilltops to the south . . .                               | 247 |
| Across the wind-swept winter sky . . .                               | 129 |
| Ah, heart, I know you're tired, I too am torn . . .                  | 42  |
| Ah! was the soul of Cain . . .                                       | 175 |
| Ah, yes; the French surprise us constantly . . .                     | 227 |
| All in the far-set Shadow-land it lies . . .                         | 44  |
| All loved and lovely women dear to rhyme . . .                       | 199 |
| All the maples were aflame . . .                                     | 12  |
| Along the edge of dusk he'd hoot and howl . . .                      | 34  |
| And if you came?—Oh I would smile . . .                              | 160 |
| April,—and I go down the land with singing . . .                     | 213 |
| As an old mercer in some sleepy town . . .                           | 68  |
| As I stole out of Babylon beyond the stolid warders . . .            | 115 |
| As I was hoeing a hill of corn . . .                                 | 83  |
| As in a belfry let me live . . .                                     | 140 |
| As the gypsy carts were following a blown and<br>drizzled road . . . | 59  |
| As we rode down to Asola . . .                                       | 189 |
| Ay, go your ways, my lord. Look where he struts . . .                | 94  |
| "Because," He cries today, "for you" . . .                           | 55  |
| Because I have loved life . . .                                      | 151 |
| Below a little shadowed hill . . .                                   | 2   |
| Broadway roars above my head . . .                                   | 33  |
| Brother fools from everywhere . . .                                  | 28  |
| Christmas tide is a time of cold . . .                               | 1   |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|                                                                        | No. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Come in from the plowing and the sowing . . . . .                      | 19  |
| Come, let's climb into our attic . . . . .                             | 123 |
| David was a shepherd lad . . . . .                                     | 248 |
| Dear God, I raised my boy to be a soldier . . . . .                    | 234 |
| Despite the Fates' imputed ban . . . . .                               | 237 |
| Did you deceive me? Did I trust . . . . .                              | 72  |
| Do you know them, Old-World Brother . . . . .                          | 41  |
| Down the long road we went . . . . .                                   | 178 |
| Each April night, when winds will not be still . . . . .               | 86  |
| Each at her post we women stand . . . . .                              | 194 |
| Earth buffets and harasses . . . . .                                   | 91  |
| Elfin rings are gone, and the ashen ring is blowing . . . . .          | 6   |
| Ever green and ever murmurous they stand against<br>the west . . . . . | 43  |
| Far, far from here the church bells ring . . . . .                     | 179 |
| Far on the wild Scotch coast our boys are sleeping . . . . .           | 218 |
| For all the crowd that packed the house tonight . . . . .              | 239 |
| Four o'clock and work is over . . . . .                                | 240 |
| From earth's horizon, dim and wide . . . . .                           | 231 |
| From labors through the night, outworn . . . . .                       | 20  |
| From the Unseen I come to you tonight . . . . .                        | 30  |
| From what old ballad or from what rich frame . . . . .                 | 147 |
| Further and further we leave the scene . . . . .                       | 127 |
| Gentle <i>tourangelle</i> , Renée . . . . .                            | 49  |
| God has a house three streets away . . . . .                           | 84  |
| "God rest you merry, gentlemen" . . . . .                              | 197 |
| Guard my beloved, God above! . . . . .                                 | 229 |
| Haggard faces and trembling knees . . . . .                            | 45  |
| Hark you such sound as quivers? . . . . .                              | 98  |
| He did not come in the red dawn . . . . .                              | 137 |
| He is but biding here beneath the sod . . . . .                        | 114 |
| He passed along our village street . . . . .                           | 112 |
| Head down, ears back, like a leashed Great Dane . . . . .              | 67  |
| Here through years she dwelt apart . . . . .                           | 156 |
| House of the past, house of the sunken stair . . . . .                 | 71  |
| How often have I heard the wind night-long . . . . .                   | 190 |
| I am not one of those the gods' decision . . . . .                     | 224 |
| I am rich, but not in gold . . . . .                                   | 171 |
| I cannot see what many see . . . . .                                   | 35  |
| I climb the hill's steep stairway . . . . .                            | 40  |
| I feel the spring far off, far off . . . . .                           | 122 |
| I gave you all my heart, so long ago . . . . .                         | 32  |
| I gazed at you and saw your eyes were sad . . . . .                    | 48  |



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|                                                                 | No. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| I had a dream of Greatness . . . . .                            | 232 |
| I had a heart as good as gold . . . . .                         | 188 |
| I have remembered beauty in the night . . . . .                 | 164 |
| I have sung me a stave . . . . .                                | 238 |
| I heard a bird at break of day . . . . .                        | 187 |
| I leant out over a ledging cliff . . . . .                      | 195 |
| I place this bauble, shot with lovely light . . . . .           | 236 |
| I sing the Men of Iron . . . . .                                | 18  |
| I stepped within the fairy ring . . . . .                       | 223 |
| I thank you, Elm and Beech and all my friends . . . . .         | 207 |
| I that have lived and loved life well . . . . .                 | 70  |
| I thought I had forgotten . . . . .                             | 181 |
| "I, too, was born in Arcady" . . . . .                          | 62  |
| I would not have a god come in . . . . .                        | 165 |
| In dreams you come to mock me . . . . .                         | 203 |
| In glittering gold and burnished bronze they stand . . . . .    | 5   |
| In innermost mute closures of the sea . . . . .                 | 166 |
| In the dim east where weed-brown rocks lie bare . . . . .       | 168 |
| In the last year I have learned . . . . .                       | 222 |
| In the old times of golden-gowned Romance . . . . .             | 214 |
| Into a garden that I know and love . . . . .                    | 26  |
| "Is there such a place as Grenstone?" . . . . .                 | 193 |
| Ithaca, Ithaca, the land of my desire! . . . . .                | 146 |
| Just once a year the Saskatoon . . . . .                        | 17  |
| Last year I dreamed of days to be . . . . .                     | 46  |
| Let this but be my guerdon . . . . .                            | 8   |
| Let us bid the world good-by! . . . . .                         | 124 |
| Let us go, love, hand in hand . . . . .                         | 230 |
| Like harsh bells tolling in a trance . . . . .                  | 174 |
| Like Tristram desolate by a sunlit sea . . . . .                | 23  |
| Lo! he knocks at your door . . . . .                            | 27  |
| Lo, I have done awhile with haste . . . . .                     | 157 |
| Lone white gull with sickle wings . . . . .                     | 220 |
| Look me in the face, lad . . . . .                              | 102 |
| "Lord, if the body be drudge unto purity" . . . . .             | 64  |
| Moses, Moses, seeing God . . . . .                              | 208 |
| Music of great spaces, mighty organ tones . . . . .             | 196 |
| My two old salts are funny chaps . . . . .                      | 235 |
| My world is girt with a rampart of wonder and shadow . . . . .  | 90  |
| Night, and the golden glory of the moon . . . . .               | 141 |
| Night, hot and breathless; sails that flap, and spars . . . . . | 73  |
| No chain has covered its distance . . . . .                     | 185 |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|                                                                  | No. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| No fresh green things in the Bad Lands bide . . .                | 163 |
| No, no, signora, I am not too old . . .                          | 69  |
| No question shall I make of what you mean . . .                  | 170 |
| Not by the gray, dividing seas . . .                             | 25  |
| Not without hope nor vainly have we sought . . .                 | 145 |
| Now I am minded of the works of Him . . .                        | 120 |
| Now their sorrows are done and through . . .                     | 210 |
| Now winds from polar field and floe . . .                        | 245 |
| O day of smoke and flame . . .                                   | 226 |
| O far, far away, where the kind winds blow . . .                 | 212 |
| O God of battles, lift our hearts to Thee! . . .                 | 182 |
| O Mary in thy clear young eyes . . .                             | 149 |
| O Mother, I cannot sleep tonight . . .                           | 31  |
| O strange, round world! . . .                                    | 61  |
| O who will give us a song for them . . .                         | 215 |
| O wind from the golden prairie . . .                             | 105 |
| O years, I charge you, be as a flower . . .                      | 11  |
| October streets where yellow leaves are lying . . .              | 225 |
| Often when awake I lie . . .                                     | 84  |
| Oh, days whoop by with a swingin' lope . . .                     | 80  |
| Oh Time, Oh Space, Oh Thoughts to be! . . .                      | 56  |
| On such a day of quiet rain . . .                                | 58  |
| Once on such an eve as this . . .                                | 128 |
| Our most high moods are like swift shadowings of<br>clouds . . . | 3   |
| Out in the street the children play . . .                        | 101 |
| Out in the street there is a light . . .                         | 84  |
| Over the roofs the swallows fly . . .                            | 254 |
| Play up, play up to the rising moon . . .                        | 255 |
| Priest Caiaphas brought one hundred men . . .                    | 243 |
| Quietness everywhere . . .                                       | 150 |
| Rain and night and tear-eyed mists . . .                         | 251 |
| Raining, raining, all night long . . .                           | 84  |
| Remember May? O, till no more a color tincts the<br>spray . . .  | 211 |
| Rides here stern brother John to town . . .                      | 54  |
| "Rinaldo de la Murcia—never mind my titles" . . .                | 155 |
| Said the Mother of all Living to the Mother of the<br>Dead . . . | 81  |
| Sardonic master, you that dare betray . . .                      | 249 |
| Serene at sunset on the roof . . .                               | 97  |
| Shall it be sad, the song that I shall sing . . .                | 201 |
| She came among us and we lived . . .                             | 217 |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|                                                                             | No. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| She has gone out upon a quiet journey . . . . .                             | 241 |
| She passed through the shadowy garden, so tall<br>and so white . . . . .    | 52  |
| She said: "My babe is dead" . . . . .                                       | 89  |
| She sits beneath the trellised vine . . . . .                               | 143 |
| Should Beauty sleep and God no longer care . . . . .                        | 250 |
| Shut it out of the heart—this grief . . . . .                               | 109 |
| So long it is since first the eddying world . . . . .                       | 158 |
| "Soldier, knowest thou the land" . . . . .                                  | 184 |
| Soldiers three at a county fair . . . . .                                   | 233 |
| Soul, what hath her soul to say . . . . .                                   | 63  |
| Sparrow in the heart of birch . . . . .                                     | 242 |
| Still round the fire we cling with hands outspread . . . . .                | 15  |
| Sweep over me, O lovely winds . . . . .                                     | 191 |
| Sweet was the song that the Princess trolled . . . . .                      | 177 |
| Swift through the night I sped on vibrant wing . . . . .                    | 154 |
| Swiftly the shrieking fire-bird gleams . . . . .                            | 36  |
| The air was keen, the shadows far had fled . . . . .                        | 119 |
| The ancient Star of Promise stands in the quiet sky . . . . .               | 202 |
| The apples dropping from the tree . . . . .                                 | 84  |
| The April afternoon was long . . . . .                                      | 180 |
| The birch tree throws a scarf of green . . . . .                            | 77  |
| The breezes of the spring have taken wing . . . . .                         | 38  |
| The city is so kind to me . . . . .                                         | 84  |
| The clouds build black a giant hall . . . . .                               | 118 |
| The dreamer dreamed; and the busy world . . . . .                           | 9   |
| The earth weighs down my lids—they forget the<br>feeling of tears . . . . . | 51  |
| The hill o' dreams, ten days ago . . . . .                                  | 209 |
| The kings are passing deathward in the dark . . . . .                       | 244 |
| The lights are dim on the steerage deck . . . . .                           | 138 |
| The little brown lads are flying kites . . . . .                            | 136 |
| The noonday sun is dim . . . . .                                            | 66  |
| The past is like the sea, for both do hold . . . . .                        | 92  |
| The poets cry, the preachers drone . . . . .                                | 228 |
| The quarry is caught, the game bag filled . . . . .                         | 132 |
| The Roman road to the ferry! . . . . .                                      | 186 |
| The sleepless leave their lair, the sun begins . . . . .                    | 93  |
| "The smile," they called her . . . . .                                      | 183 |
| "The trail is long to the bison herd" . . . . .                             | 133 |
| The trampling armies leave discomfited . . . . .                            | 131 |
| The Whine of the Weak to God on High arose . . . . .                        | 10  |
| The wind has fallen with the sun, and now . . . . .                         | 79  |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|                                                          | No. |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| The wind is sweet with hovering rain . . . .             | 130 |
| There in a row of chairs upon the porch . . .            | 133 |
| There is a building on a city square . . . .             | 106 |
| There is a house beside a way . . . . .                  | 117 |
| There strode a Bedouin through the market-place .        | 39  |
| There's a little Irish village in the shadow of the hill | 47  |
| There's a new beauty thrilling in my soul . . .          | 13  |
| These hands, two nimble butterflies . . . . .            | 246 |
| They look upon us through the mystic door . . .          | 252 |
| They made them idols in the elder days . . . .           | 110 |
| This is the love-song we today are singing . . .         | 205 |
| This is the road that you all must take . . . .          | 76  |
| This is the spot where I will lie . . . . .              | 192 |
| This is the truth as I see it, my dear . . . . .         | 104 |
| This love of nature, that allures to take . . . .        | 22  |
| This was one of the dreary whiles . . . . .              | 176 |
| Thou lonely, dew-wet mountain road . . . . .             | 103 |
| Though there is something that I long to tell . .        | 162 |
| To Covent Garden people stream . . . . .                 | 7   |
| To God the glory! We who lie . . . . .                   | 219 |
| Today I found a grass-grown grave . . . . .              | 16  |
| Tradition, garbed in samite, gold-inwrought . .          | 65  |
| Trailing the last gleam after . . . . .                  | 99  |
| Under the eaves, out of the wet . . . . .                | 126 |
| Until I've had my fill of bluebells blowing by the hill  | 216 |
| Up the Minnesota through the mellow June . . .           | 4   |
| War has its field of blood—heart-breaking war . .        | 134 |
| We of the twilight years that speed toward night .       | 253 |
| We ran, and I outdistanced him . . . . .                 | 53  |
| We stood on Belgium's tortured soil . . . . .            | 144 |
| We strain toward Heaven and lay hold on Hell . .         | 95  |
| We who beg for bread as we daily tread . . . .           | 96  |
| What ails the air in Denmark . . . . .                   | 198 |
| What distant mountains thrill and glow . . . .           | 78  |
| What have I gained who gave so much . . . . .            | 75  |
| What is the symbol underneath it all . . . . .           | 107 |
| What moved Him most—the lilies robed in white? .         | 37  |
| What pæan, what victorious cry . . . . .                 | 142 |
| What though we shape no mighty thing . . . . .           | 172 |
| When I am dead and must be buried deep . . . .           | 161 |
| When I come back in the gloom . . . . .                  | 169 |
| When life has done with laughter and singing . .         | 121 |
| When Mâire at the fireside sits . . . . .                | 29  |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

|                                                                 | No. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| When no one else will come and Evening draws .                  | 139 |
| When the song is done . . . . .                                 | 14  |
| When they ran him down hill, what did Moyer<br>think? . . . . . | 152 |
| When ye pass by there is no need to cry . . .                   | 50  |
| Where are the Shepherds who watch the flocks? .                 | 111 |
| Whoe'er you be at whom in youthful scorn . .                    | 108 |
| Whose footfall is it on the stair? . . . . .                    | 173 |
| Why should it irk me, the night . . . . .                       | 85  |
| "Wisest of the story-tellers," . . . . .                        | 57  |
| With eyes that time and tears have smitten blind .              | 74  |
| With rod and line I took my way . . . . .                       | 87  |
| Woman, Woman, idly dreaming . . . . .                           | 159 |
| Women, in war-time yours how hard the task . .                  | 113 |
| Would Jesus come to me, Mither . . . . .                        | 148 |
| Ye dead and gone great armies of the world . .                  | 100 |
| Yon dragonfly is friends with me . . . . .                      | 167 |
| You and I settled this section together . . .                   | 204 |
| You can hear them as you go . . . . .                           | 60  |
| You watch and abide on the sunrise side . . .                   | 221 |

NORMANDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

9700 FRANCE AVENUE SOUTH  
BLOOMINGTON, MN 55431-4399



